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## INDEX TO LITTELL'S LIVING AGE

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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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Vol. CLXXIV.

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## WHISPERING WOODS.

In the woodland's green recesses,  
In the cool and fragrant glooms,  
Where the morning dews yet linger  
On the woodbine's flaunting blooms  
And the sunbeams and the shadows  
Chase each other to and fro,  
Summer breezes whisper, whisper  
To my heart of long ago.

Where I sit I see the cottage  
In whose porch so oft we met,  
And the lattice where the roses  
That she loved are blooming yet —  
Doves are cooing in the treetops —  
And a murmur like the sea  
Rustles softly through the branches  
As the breezes sing to me.

On the giant oaks and beeches  
Summer's green has turned to gold,  
And the bracken oft has faded  
Since those summer days of old,  
When the woodland glades were haunted  
By the sunny, smiling face  
Whose sweet features on my canvas  
I essayed to fit and trace.

On the mossy sward the shadows  
Dance as softly to and fro,  
And the clover-scented breezes  
Just as sweetly come and go;  
As of old the whispering beeches  
Have their spell upon me cast,  
But their shade is haunted only  
By the memory of the past.  
Argosy. HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

## THE SPRINGS OF FONTANA.

THE springs of Fontana well high on the  
mountain,  
Out of the rock of the granite they pour  
Twenty or more;  
Ripple and runnel and freset and fountain  
Well, happy tears, from the heart of the  
mountain  
Up at Fontana.

See, not a step can we take but a spring  
Breaks from the roots of the blond-flower'd  
chestnuts —  
(Look, in the water their long golden breast-  
knots  
Flung in caress!) — from a tuft of the ling,  
From a stone, anything,  
Up at Fontana.

Twenty or more, and no one of the twenty  
Gushes the same; here the waters abundant  
Babble redundant,  
Filling the vale with the bruit of their plenty;  
Here a mere ripple, a trickle, a scanty  
Dew on Fontana.

Surely one noonday the Prophet in heaven  
Siept, and the wand of the desert fell —  
Fell to the rock, and the rock was riven.  
Lo, all around it eternally well

(A miracle!)  
The springs of Fontana.

Waters of boon!  
In drought or in deluge unaltered, your cur-  
rent  
Flows from the rock and is icy in June,  
Flows when the icicle hangs on the torrent,  
Flows when the river is dry and the noon  
Parches Fontana.

Over the rocks!  
Over the tree-root that tangles and blocks —  
Robbing from all that resists you a sunny  
Scent of the cistus and rock-hidden honey,  
Yarrow, campanula, thyme, agrimony —  
Flow from Fontana!

Flow, happy waters, and gather and rally,  
Rush to the plain.  
Flow to the heavenly fields of Limain,  
Blue as a dream in the folds of the valley;  
Feed them and fatten with blossom and grain,  
Springs of Fontana!

River of springs,  
Born many times in renewal unending,  
Bright, irresistible, purest of things,  
Blessing the rocks that oppose you, befriend-  
ing  
Pastures and cattle and men in your wending  
Forth from Fontana.

Born (who knows how?) a mysterious foun-  
tain  
Out of the stone and the dust of the moun-  
tain,  
Bound to a country we know little of,  
How shall I bless ye and praise ye enough,  
\* Image of Love,  
Springs of Fontana!  
A. MARY F. ROBINSON.  
(Madame James Darmesteter).

Athenæum.

## NECKEREI UND REUE.

WIE lieb war sonst die Kleine!  
Wie gern umschlang sie mich!  
Sie ist noch voller Liebe —  
Für sich — ach! nur für sich!

Wie keusch war sonst die Kleine!  
Wie edel hielt sie sich!  
Sie ist noch voller Keuschheit —  
Für mich — ach! nur für mich!

Doch, keusche liebe Kleine,  
Nur ich schätz' Deinen Werth.  
Von dem, der Dich ganz kennet,  
Bist Du, Kind, ganz verehrt.

Academy. FRANK T. LAWRENCE.



From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE HOLY LAND.

To look out upon a corner of grey wall stretching along a rocky foundation, with one massive square tower in sight; to find yourself suddenly in a crowded and noisy space, among rude and springless carriages, groups of munching and scolding camels, self-occupied and serious donkeys coming and going on all sides, and the general area filled with an ever-changing, ever-multiplying crowd, in every kind of picturesque and strange dress; to enter through the momentary darkness of the gate, grateful in the midst of the dazzling sunshine, into the street, still thronged and noisy as the square outside, through which it is difficult to push your way, a little tired by your journey, a little anxious about the accommodation provided for you, a little or more than a little awed by the sense of what this place is, which at last, after so many thoughts of it and anticipations you have attained—and then to step out suddenly, without warning, and find yourself upon the terrace of your lodging, the house-top of all Eastern story and description, looking into the very heart of Jerusalem, is a sensation which can come but once in his life to the most indefatigable traveller. If it were not a hotel, but some hospice or religious house such as are still to be found, the effect would be a perfect one. And it is to be said for the Méditerranée (which by this time is a hotel no longer) that it is as little like an inn, in the modern sense of the word, as can be conceived. From the house-top we look down upon the pool of Hezekiah, lying a square mirror at our feet, surrounded by houses, and their reflections in its still surface—while beyond stands full before us, upon its platform, an octagon building with its dome, sharply relieved against a low, green hill which forms the background of the whole picture—while other domes, and the tall, straight, slim minarets, and glimpses of façades and doorways, fill up the many varying lines of the town before us. And is that indeed the Mount of Olives? We look at it with the water rising to our eyes in a sudden rush. Nothing else can it be. The other points have to be told us,—

that we identify with the strange, indescribable thrill of recognition which indicates a sacred spot that we have known all our lives almost before we knew ourselves. There it lies with its scattered trees, its soft greenness, spoiled, they say (and no doubt with truth), by the buildings, and especially by the foolish tall tower rising on the top. But of that we cannot think in the first thrill of emotion. All these walls and storied places may have come into being since that day. But there it is sure he must have walked, there mused and prayed and rested, under the sunshine, and when the stars came out over Jerusalem. I cannot think of any sensation more strangely touching, solemn, and real. The sight of the Mount of Olives is like the sudden sight of a never-doubted, always recognizable friend. We had never thought we should have lived to see it, yet there it stands, as we knew it would, as we have always known, held green and unchangeable in the safe keeping of nature, more secure than all that man's hands and skill can do. The stones can be cast down so that no one shall be found on another. But nothing can overthrow the gentle slopes, the little sacred hill.

The Holy Sepulchre is also in sight from this wonderful point of vision, and many other places of interest, yet none that touches the heart of the spectator with this sudden sense of recognition, of satisfaction, and tender awe. Among the buildings on the other side stands, rooted high among the mason-work, a solitary palm-tree which has no story or associations; yet it comes into the landscape with a curious individuality, as of a half-alien spectator gazing across the house-tops, with their endless little domes and level lines of grey-white. There is, perhaps, nothing more striking in all the after-views of Jerusalem than this first glimpse. The octagon building is the famous Mosque of Omar, occupying the centre of the platform, walled and strong, which once was filled by Solomon's Temple—the centre of religious life, the constant haunt of those pilgrims of the Old World who came from all quarters of the land to keep the feast at Jerusalem. It

brings a chill to the heart of the pilgrim of to-day to find that shadow of another worship and faith occupying such a place in the very heart of this wonderful scene.

And it is something of a downfall to go down afterwards into the very common, not to say vulgar, life of a hotel which has a *table d'hôte* with a number of very ordinary people round it, and where soon we are obliged to withdraw our thoughts to very commonplace matters—such as getting comfortable places and securing the eye of a hurried and anxious waiter, who has too much to do already. A convent, where we could feel ourselves guests, and where it would not be at all permissible to grumble loud or swear even *sotto voce* at the ministering monks, would be more fit. And as for our fellow-travellers, there are a great many of whom we ask ourselves in consternation, What can they possibly want here? We suppose, naturally, that some motive stronger than those which carry the crowd to Switzerland, or even to Italy, must move the minds of men who undertake the fatigues and expense and perils of sea and land involved in a journey to Palestine. But there is little trace of this in the everyday faces that surround the long table. Indeed the curious effect which reduces everything to commonplace, and makes the most unknown and strange life at once simple and natural as soon as we fall into the way of it, is in the strongest action here. There is nothing one does not become used to after a little, often a very little, time; and before we have been twenty-four hours in Jerusalem, the crowded street called of David, along which we gazed at the uninterrupted, ever-flowing stream of human life, at first with something like a reverential feeling mingled with our curiosity, has already become to us David Street, as if it had formed part of any country town we know.

It was the Holy Week when we arrived in Jerusalem, and the throngs which filled it were numerous. The population is said to be more than doubled at this period. There were Jews come to keep the feast, so sadly maimed in its ancient ceremonial, of the Passover. There were Christians of every kind and class, drawn by the

associations of the season, and a desire to be at that time in the place which witnessed the passion and resurrection of our Lord. Lastly, there was a great gathering of Mohammedans, collected for the yearly pilgrimage to the tomb of Moses, which some people say was invented in order to gather together enough of the dominant creed to hold in check the immense influx of Christians. To speak my poor mind, as a person non-political and of no account, I feel bound with all my heart to protest against the presence there, in the midst of scenes so sacred to Christendom, of the unspeakable Turk. There do not seem to be two opinions about the intolerableness of the government, the repression of all advance, the stolid, unintelligent tyranny and endless exactions of the ruling power. It is generally said, and perhaps—I cannot tell—with some truth, that the Turkish soldier is needed to prevent the Greek and Latin Christians from flying at each other's throats. This is just the sort of thing which the cynical bystander loves to say; and which having been fact perhaps at one time, lingers on for centuries on the strength of that fact, belying after-generations. I could certainly see no sign of this strife, and it ought to be well corroborated and proved before an idea so intolerable to modern ways of thinking should be believed.

Even in such a case, however, some other expedient might be found to remove this reproach, something different from the existing state of affairs, which makes us, a Christian people, uphold and sustain the Mohammedan, that he may occupy and desecrate the ancient temples of our own faith and treat with contumely our fellow-Christians. One can scarcely wonder at the fervor of the Crusader. I should be a Crusader, too, if I could, or if it would be of any practical utility. I have no desire to compromise my editor, or express anything in this magazine which goes against the tenets of Maga's political creed. I speak merely as a non-political person concerned for none of these things, yet certain of my own conviction that it is a shame and horror to leave the Holy Land in the custody of the unbeliever. The Turk may be a very fine gentleman,

as people say; he may be becoming an example of morality, the husband of one wife, etc.; but he has no right to be bolstered up by Christendom, at all events in the Holy Land. He ought to be made to withdraw from the sacred places which nations — with which at least he cannot hold up his head as on the side of good government and civilization — concur in considering holy. Let him be maintained, if it is necessary, in Constantinople, but let him begone from Jerusalem. This is the universal voice of those who go on pilgrimages. His presence is at once a threat and an insult in the city of David, the stronghold of Zion, the place of Christ's sacrifice and burial. Were he perfectly independent and powerful, we might be compelled to submit to it; but to prop up a feeble rule in order to secure its obnoxious presence in a place dear and sacred, is a contradiction and anomaly indeed.

To say to whom Jerusalem should be confided, if indeed Christendom, moved by this protest, should at once take steps to remove the scandal, is a more difficult matter. If the time ever comes when the Jews will be able to solve that question, and by reason of their wealth or any other influence ("I am an Israelite. I am of the religion of Rothschild," said a merchant in one of the great bazaars, with perfect discrimination of the Hebrew's present distinction) acquire Jerusalem, it has not yet arrived. The Jews are the people of least account in the Holy City. They are the humble and oppressed. To see them wandering about in families in their Passover holiday, inoffensive, clean, domestic, is an altogether new light upon this singular race. The Jews in Jerusalem are a fair-skinned, red-haired people. They have no noses to speak of; their dress, that of the men at least, is the most unbecoming that can be conceived. They wear a kind of flat cap of the pork-pie order, encircled with fur, from under which falls on either side of their face a long curl such as ladies wore in England during the forties. They wear a close dress of a light tint, often (in holiday times at least) of silk or satin, with the long coat or gaberline over it to their heels. There

is an air of faded finery about these best dresses which contrasts badly with the stronger colors and manlier amplitude of the Moslem, or the Bedouin's bold, striped and solid garb. On the Friday of the Passover, at the Place of Wailing, they were present in a crowd, all of men and boys, performing their lamentations in a manner which was not impressive. I remember one man in white satin, which seemed to be of the cheap kind that ladies call *merveilleux*, while others wore feeble greens and blues of a similar fabric; and an old gentleman, fat and portly, swept past us to take his place among the worshippers in a gaberline made of violet velvet. But these robes have nothing impressive in them, — indeed, no garment could do away with the effect of the flat fur cap, and the long corkscrew curl on either side of the faint, fair-complexioned face. These Jews evidently could not take upon themselves the governance, the regulations, the police of a large town. They may indeed be of the religion of Rothschild, but it is as pensioners and dependants. They have the stamp of social inferiority and weakness upon them. They have been used all their lives to hear themselves addressed as dogs of Jews. No one speaks well of them, or trusts, or likes them. I rebel always against such a general ill report; prejudice must have something to do with it. They are clean (at least in the Passover week) and have an amiable, gentle look, and go about with their wives (humble creatures of no account, with shawls over their head and very few satin gowns) and their children streaming after them, the boys all in side curls and little fur caps. But there is no faculty of government in this subdued people. It is not to them that any one need look.

I say boldly, theoretically, in the freedom of a person wholly irresponsible, yet conscious that his editor is no doubt of a diametrically opposite opinion, that Jerusalem would be most safe either in French or British hands. We who carry tolerance to a fault, or they to whom it is the rule of a sharp and distinctly defined possibility — only invaded at home by their panic at clericalism — would make it safe and

keep it so. Our curious partiality for the Greek Church, founded on I know not what, might make the balance lean a little to one side, as their national allegiance to the Latin might incline it to the other. But there certainly would be no struggle over the holy fire possible if either Frenchmen or Englishmen had the control, and the decorum of a government which was at least nominally Christian, would be something gained. I should not mind whether the sentinel on duty at the Tower of David was a Zouave or a man of the 100th Foot, so long as he was not a slovenly and alien Turk. Or perhaps the great American nation, the youngest born of Christian powers, might be intrusted with the care of this neutralized and separated State, as small as she is big, as ancient and full of memories as she is destitute of them,—a trust which no doubt would be received with enthusiasm and conscientiously carried out; in which case the present accomplished and experienced American consul would doubtless take an important part in the newly constituted State.

These be but dreams, however, and the great civilized and civilizing powers have as little to do with the city which bore the name of the City of the living God, while we and our ancestors were in the depths of primeval darkness, as the sword and coat of mail of Godfrey of Bouillon, which was shown to us by the Franciscan brothers, laid up in their chapel. There they lie, with nobody to bear them these many hundred years—a sign of possession taken, never abandoned in face of overthrow and destruction. And the hall of the knights, with its massive arches, is still to be seen in the very heart of the Moslem sacred places, and the cross is wrought into the ornamentation of their most beautiful temples. Let us hope that these are tokens of a better dominion yet to come.

On Good Friday the little community in the hotel were officially informed of the sights that were to be seen, and the arrangements made accordingly for their benefit by the enlightened manager. The chief of these sights was the procession of the Mohammedans on their somewhat artificial pilgrimage to the tomb of Moses—the place, as says another commentator, where it is very unlikely that Moses was buried—a distinctly rival attraction, got up for the purpose. Strange to say, on such an anniversary, in such a place, many of the visitors accepted this as the event of the day, and went to see it with

much admiration of its pictorial effect, but a most curious misconception, one would think, of their own reason for being there. It is easy to understand how the persons who did this should find themselves disappointed in Jerusalem. It seemed more in accordance with the spirit of a pilgrim to concentrate the thoughts upon a very different procession which took place in those steep streets nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and which we may follow in reverence, with a sense that the external surroundings—though perhaps there is scarcely any actual stone of all the stony way still standing as it did then—are very much like what they were when the long line came out from Pilate's house, streaming forth under the arch where a little while before the central figure of that procession was set forth in his thorny circlet, that all men might see the man who was thus crowned King of the Jews. It is a steep and rugged road as ever martyr followed, a long climb upward over the rough pavement, with here and there the excessive sunshine blazing down, alternated with deep bars of shadow from archways and beetling walls, like the sides of a ravine. Setting out upon that toilsome way, the pilgrim's first thought is that the crowds that fill it are sadly out of place, and that he would fain follow the footsteps of the Lord in quiet and solitude; but a second thought will show him that just such a crowd in their holiday clothes, and with every eye strained to see whatever new thing was occurring, must have poured out of every cross street, and lingered at every corner, and thrust itself in the way of the stern procession; the escort of Roman soldiers, unmoved and indifferent, sharply pressing the march; the bowed form tottering under the heavy cross; the troubled spectators straggling after. As we toil along the steep and stony street we can realize, if not the thoughts of that Divine Sufferer, at least of those who followed after, toiling to keep up with the march, seeing with despair the dreadful gate, the outline of the fated mound appearing beyond, and every step bringing nearer the downfall of all their hopes. Did despair overwhelm them as they struggled on, their eyes bent upon him in the midst, who they had hoped was to restore the kingdom to Israel? Did their hearts with a pang resign that hope, yet still hold despairing to the love they bore him, to the faith which had become part of their being? Was there some awful, tremulous expectation that still at the last moment the ten legions of angels might

appear and vindicate to all the world their master and their trust in him? One can almost feel the throb of anguish, the desperate sense that something must come to arrest this terrible fate, the growing unwilling conviction that nothing will arrest it, that he himself expects nothing, means nothing, but to endure and to die, while all around the staring crowd surges, putting themselves between him and those who love him, filling up the cumbered way.

To us who have not been trained to those aids to memory and devotion, the stations, so called, — the fallen column by the side of the street on which it is the tradition that the Divine Sufferer stumbled, the wall on which his shoulder made a dint, the lowly doorway by which Veronica stood to wipe his forehead with her handkerchief, — are, even could we accept them as real, rather interruptions than helps. And yet I cannot but follow with tender respect the movements of a man, in European dress, with uncovered head, who goes from point to point kneeling in the dust, absorbed, kissing the place where to him those footsteps are more apparent for being thus marked and regulated. In my heart I should like to kneel there too, to kiss the stone, if even perhaps by any possibility it could have been touched by those sacred feet; but shyness and shame of undue exposure of one's most sacred feelings, and the uneasy sense of something forced, almost feigned, in any such profession of belief, withholds the English pilgrim from such demonstrations. It is enough to follow, thinking of it all, feeling the presence of just such a crowd, and the gaze and the wondering, the despair and passion of disappointment, the misery of failure, the flutter perhaps of sickening and dying hope, among those broken-hearted stragglers, toiling after him, unable to pause, yet with scarcely courage enough to follow on to see the end of it all. For we remember that the disciples, in gloomy desperation, and the women in their anguish, knew no better, and that no one of them anticipated what to us is the certain sequel of the great story, as we have heard it from our cradles — a fact which made that *via dolorosa*, that path of sorrows, so much more terrible, as in reality the end of everything, the holiest life, the highest hope.

I cannot feel, as some people do, disconcerted or disgusted by the fables of pious tradition which have gathered about that steep, laborious street. Perhaps, indeed like enough, it is not the road, or at least it is not all the road, by which that

procession passed. I would rather believe that it was; and I do not wonder that adoring and simple-minded believers, touched to the heart by the sensation of finding themselves on the very spot of that central event of the world's history, should have half invented and wholly felt the different traditionary episodes of the procession. But when we reach the supposed conclusion of the dolorous way in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, my sense of reality fails. The great church, with its crowding shrines and blazing lights, comes upon the pilgrim, in the deep emotion and impression of an actual and realizable scene, like a sudden blank, a heavy curtain falling between him and everything that is sacred and solemn. What he wants is to feel himself upon that mount open to all bystanders — to come to something that will recall the awful climax, as the street of woe has recalled the procession towards it. What he finds is a succession of narrow and darkling shrines, each covered by its little chapel, and stifling with an eager crowd; each with a blaze and dazzle of lamps that show nothing but their own wavering and smoky multiplicity. It is impossible to feel anything but the strain of an attempt at feeling when one stands over the dark orifice in the pavement where the cross has been supposed to have been erected, or enters a little lower down into the suffocating chapel where a square altar-tomb represents the Holy Sepulchre. There are some genuine ancient tombs at another corner, hidden away in the darkness, which you are allowed to see underground by the light of a taper, and which, if this were proved to be the real site of the great tragedy, might afford a more lifelike impression. But the crowding together of all these points of interest, the supposition that Joseph's new grave was within a few paces of the place of crucifixion, is an idea which startles and disturbs the mind. There is nothing in the sacred narrative which gives it any warrant. The place was "nigh," we are told, but surely not within so limited a space that the steps of the crowd must have trodden all about it as they stood and gazed at the execution.

All these things confuse the pilgrim, and take away verisimilitude from the scene. All that I could do, I am obliged to say, was to fall back sympathetically upon the genuine devotion of the Russian pilgrims, who thronged the great building everywhere; peasants in fur cap, and caftan, and heavy boots, just as they had



trudged from the steppe and the wilds; homely little women, with shawls or kerchiefs covering their heads. Their intent faces, full of worship and awe, their undoubting, untroubled devotion, the rapture in some, the overwhelming emotion in others, the passion of entreaty in which some of them were pouring out their hearts, were half as impressive to behold as if the pilgrim of another sort had been as sure as they were of everything he saw. One follows these poor peasants with wondering admiration and sympathy; there are perhaps some lookers-on who pity their all-belief, but there are many others who will find in the faces of these simple brethren the best inspiration and comfort that this great shrine can give them. When I penetrated into the strait chapel of the holy tomb, on an occasion when the crowd was less than usual, there was one woman with a basket full of books, pictures, crosses, and other little sacred things, meant, one could not doubt, to fill a far-distant village with holy memorials, at once tokens of human love and symbols of the deepest mysteries, which she was placing to hallow them upon the stone of the sepulchre; while another on her knees was praying, unconscious of all about her, in an agony of supplication, with moving hands and rocking form. One could not understand the half-audible flood of broken words; but the eloquence of the hands, now held out in entreaty as if to a visible listener, now pressed upon the beating breast, now clasped in beseeching earnestness, could not be mistaken. What was her prayer? for the pardon of her own sins, or for some one dearer than herself, whose soul or whose life hung in the balance? He alone knew to whom, in fond human confidence of being nearer to him in that spot where he had lain in death, she was pouring out her heart. That God might grant to her the answer and the consolation, the granting of her petition, was the echo that rose from the soul of the lookers-on! We steal away in the gloom with only this, and no more individual sentiment in our heart. She has gone home by this time, retracing the weary steps of her pilgrimage to the far-distant banks of the Volga or the Neva, over leagues and leagues of unknown roads, footsore and exhausted with the long, long, terrible journey. Perhaps some time or other, in the ages to come, we shall hear whether she got the thing for which she prayed.

Never was a more wonderful mingling of strange elements than in this great temple of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greeks

have one portion of it, the Latins or Roman Catholics another, the Armenians a third, and there is also a division, I think, for the Copts. In the holiest sanctuaries of all, where, as all believe, the Lord was crucified and buried, there have been struggles, sometimes ending in bloodshed, between the conflicting Churches. People say that still, but for the Turkish soldiers about, such struggles would take place again. Needless to say, yet it is necessary to say it, since the vulgar mind loves to perpetuate such a report, that neither of the Churches or their authorities are responsible for these blazings-up of popular rivalry. It is the ignorant multitude that do the harm, which all the efforts of their leaders are ineffectual to restrain or undo. The special moment of danger when such unseemly strife has happened has been the moment of the supposed miracle of the holy fire, which takes place on the Saturday between Good Friday and Easter, according to the Greek calendar. On this day, in the afternoon, the Greek patriarch comes down with a solemn procession to the Holy Sepulchre, and entering into the little chapel with his attendant bishop alone, after a short interval of hushed expectation, puts forth, through a round aperture in the wall of the sepulchre, the miraculous fire which is supposed to spring from the tomb. Nothing could be more extraordinary than the aspect of the great area below, upon which we look down from the lofty gallery that surrounds the dome. It is crowded with men, many of them in white tunic and drawers, their upper dress put aside, and everything that would impede them in running. They push and crowd and jostle, not to say fight, with arms and legs and lithe bodies that twist as if there were no bones in them, darning themselves out and in of the many-colored, seething crowd, which is never still for a moment, to get to the spot nearest the opening. No gymnastic exercise that ever I saw exemplified the amazing variety and also grace of human movement like the evolutions of that mass, and of the white figures that twist and struggle through it. You will think, perhaps, that they are the hostile sect, and that this is the fight of warring religions of which you have heard so much. Not so. It is the struggle simply who shall first get the light; the white figures being runners intent on carrying it to all the villages about, envoys of the population which is not here. They link their arms together, and form a swaying, winding, snake-like line around the open-



ing. Sometimes a rush will be made, and the line will be broken; sometimes an intruder will push in; upon which all who are within reach pluck at him, tearing him, one would think, in pieces, whirling him here and there, tossing him out as on the waves of an angry sea, with immense demonstration, but so little apparent harm that he is back again in a moment to another point to make another trial. After one has got over one's alarm at those wildly plucking arms which turn one man after another about and about, and fling him here and there, the sight is beautiful as well as wonderful. They are all athletes after the supple Eastern fashion, with bodies that sway and twist and whirl like smoke or foam; and the crowd opens up and closes in, breaks, re-forms, goes through a thousand evolutions as lightly as any trained band, and with far more graceful, spontaneous changes,—every man in the midst of his struggle for a place, clinging to the taper or bundle of tapers with which he is armed, and which it is his object to light, preserve, and carry off in triumph to his village or his kindred.

"This," says the archimandrite, who has given us our places, who has been in England and America, and speaks English well, and loves to do so, to the great comfort of the British pilgrim—"this is a legacy left to us by the Crusaders. We would give it up if we dared; for to keep up this fiction—which we never pretend to be anything but a fiction—is a heavy burden upon our consciences. But what can we do? The people believe in it. They have more faith in this visible sign, as they think it, that God is with us, than in all our teachings. The disappointment to them, the disillusion, the breaking up of their dearest convictions, is more than we can venture to face. We dare not run the risk of thus disturbing the faith of the ignorant. The Latins have done it, but we cannot make up our minds to take the risk." Thus the Church hesitates, and is ashamed, yet has not the courage of her convictions; and the imposture—if that is not too hard a word—goes on.

And certainly nothing could be less like the mystery that surrounds an imposture than the manner in which the so-called miracle is performed. After the first glimmer of fire had been handed out on this occasion, there was a long pause—the original inside having plainly gone out, and a new kindling being necessary. What the struggling crowd thought on the matter is not to be divined, but no

precautions were taken to conceal the accident or cover it with any mysterious pretence; and the regretful reluctance with which the pseudo-miracle is kept up is as unconcealed as the eagerness of the crowd, in which, by the way, there is no semblance of devotion or awe. The hum and murmur of voices fill the great temple, rising up in a babel of confused sounds to the dome. Innumerable little individual struggles are taking place at every moment; sometimes a sort of chant is raised, the same indistinguishable words rising over and over again,—an attempt, apparently, to give some occupation to the crowd; but it sinks again, and the struggle goes on—who shall get nearest to the opening—who shall best reserve the means of winding or darting through the crowd to get first away. When the immediate excitement is over of this wild emulation, and the light is communicated all over the crowd, the effect is still more wonderful. Most of the men have sheafs of tapers tied together—a sort of fagot of wax and wick; and even from our lofty gallery the priest who keeps the door lets down on the end of a cord a dangling bundle, which he draws up again as soon as it is lighted, and in a moment the light has flown from hand to hand along the round. The flame blazes up below as if the area was on fire; it flies round the circle of the galleries, and reddens the great dome, an affair of a minute,—hot, smoky, stifling. The gallery is thronged with women in their abundant draperies and light veils, almost every one with a sheaf of tapers, which blaze wildly for a second, and then are deftly put out with a portion of that dangerous, waving drapery which seems as if it must catch fire every moment; and then sepulchre and dome and crowd are all lost in the smoke which fills the place, black and noisome with the smell of thousands of tapers extinguished. It seems enough that they should have been lighted. They are carried away to be kept for sacred moments, for hours of death or to accompany the last sacraments. When we all streamed out half stifled into the dazzling sunshine, I saw a pretty greeting. Two young mothers met at the head of the stairs which led down from the dome to the house-tops of the great Greek convent. One, I think, was a woman of Bethlehem, in their beautiful dress, with an infant in her arms. They paused, and gave each other a long, silent pressure of the hand; then kissed, as if congratulating each other on some great event. The Lord is risen!

This was written on the fair faces, smiling and happy, yet touched with a certain awe. The pretty group, in a soft halo of white veils, which subdued the blaze of the sunshine, each with her child in her arms, uplifted high in the pure air against the intense blue of the sky, made such a picture as one would not willingly forget.

It would be vain, even had I the necessary knowledge, to attempt here to discuss the question as to the authenticity of the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—which depends much on whether it can be proved to have been without the second wall. But it may be mentioned that one of the best of the recent Palestine explorers, Major Conder, has pointed out how harmonious with all the indications of the Gospel story is another situation, a mound outside the Damascus gate, which is known to have been the usual place of execution, and which still retains the curious conformation which suggests at once the ancient name, "the place of a skull." This lonely and solemn mound, suddenly revealed as it were to the pilgrim, commanding the great sweep of the ancient road to Damascus, and straight in the way of "all ye who pass by," is exceedingly impressive, and seems to carry with it an instant conviction—as well as a wish that it might prove the real Mount of Calvary. And when we say that under the hill there lies, in the quiet wildness of nature, an ancient garden, waste but green, and in it, blocked up with soil and stones, the place of an ancient tomb, the spectator's heart swells with the surprise as of a discovery. The silence and space fulfil all the conditions which one desires to find in a place of such solemn associations.

The other principal centre in Jerusalem is the great enclosure within which, everybody is agreed, the Temple must have stood, and which is now dominated by what is called the Mosque of Omar. As this is generally spoken of, the stranger would suppose it to be one great and somewhat mysterious building occupying the whole. But this is far from being the case. Something of the original construction of the city may be traced even by the ignorant from this point. Jerusalem, like Rome and various other famous cities, is built upon a number of little hills divided by deep valleys. Thus the Mount of Zion on which the original city must have stood, and on which Solomon's great palace was built, must have been the first of a group of three distinct eminences, with the lower mount called Moriah lying to

the east of it, and beyond that the green slopes of the Mount of Olives. Solomon's city was built upon the north-eastern slopes of this first hill; while immediately before it, over the deep lines of the valley, rose the second mount separated by the ravines lying round it from Zion on one side and Olivet on the other. It is easy to imagine that the keen eye of the monarch-philosopher and poet saw at once the wonderful advantages of the site thus detached and isolated, and how he smoothed its uneven top into a broad and splendid platform, connected with the hill upon which his palace stood by a bridge thrown over the narrow valley upon huge and splendid arches, the remains of which have been discovered by recent explorations; but, except for this one royal approach, standing out detached and separated, strongly walled and defended—a holy city beside the secular town.

Upon this platform, it would seem, there must have been left one detached summit of rock, preserved when the rest was levelled. For what reason this rock was preserved—whether as the traditional mount on which Abraham had offered his sacrifice, whether because it was particularly adapted by nature to form the altar of burnt-offerings, or whether for any other reason—there is no record. It is nowhere mentioned in the Scriptures, either Old or New. But when the holy mount, lying thick with the carved stones and cyclopean blocks of the destroyed Temple, came after a long interval to be cleared and put to use again, this rocky point must have remained in silent strength of nature. And it has now, strangely enough, with that curious aim at a new effect in the midst of the old which seems a feature of the Mohammedan economy, become the central point of the whole. The nameless rock fills almost the entire area of the Mosque of Omar, which indeed has the appearance, with all its lovely ornamentation, of being the shrine and canopy of this dumb yet not unimpressive thing. It has a whole cluster of Mohammedan legends connected with it,—as the spot from which the Prophet, with the same imitation and exaggeration of the older Christian story, bettering the simple ascension by performing it upon a miraculous mule, is supposed to have ascended to heaven. Is this silent, immemorial stone the scene of Abraham's sacrifice? Was it here that young Isaac came wondering, looking round him for the victim, not knowing that it was himself, yet mild in the gentleness of his character, acqui-

escent, yielding meekly to the bonds with which his father in silent anguish prepared him to be offered? The sacred writers, unlike their successors, take little care for the identification of such a locality. Yet there is every reason to believe that this may be the very spot; and it may also probably have been the altar of burnt-offerings upon which the sacrifices were made through all the ages after Solomon. It is curious and significant that the creed which has no altar, no commemorative rite, and nothing that can be called a public and common worship, should thus build its most sacred shrines over voiceless stones.

Round the Dome of the Rock — as it is properly called — the wide table-land of this wonderful enclosed platform spreads. There are various small buildings, all exquisite in workmanship, scattered about the area — the lightest, graceful archways, the most beautiful fountains and shrines, with a broad sweep of greensward and trees at one end, which is supposed to have been the court of the Gentiles; and at the other, the most considerable of all, the mosque called El Aksa, once a Christian church, and still bearing the cross in the evolutions of its carved work and mosaics. This is by many supposed to have been the actual site of the Temple. I sat down outside the doors of this beautiful place, while other sightseers went on to investigate other wonders. It was a morning of brilliant sunshine, the most serene and splendid summer day that July ever produced in England, but softer in its April freshness, and with a sky perhaps more radiantly blue than ever is seen in northern latitudes. Through a little avenue of very old cypress-trees appeared the gleaming whiteness of the scattered buildings, the wonderful blue lustre of the Damascus tiles upon the Dome of the Rock, the softness of the broad greensward beyond. On the left hand lay the terraced houses of Jerusalem, rising line upon line beyond the walls of this sacred area; on the right, with the valley of Jehoshaphat deep and narrow between, the slopes of Olivet. Sitting there all silent, not a sound to be heard, it came upon the mind with the thrill of a sensible reality that here our Lord must have been familiar, constantly coming and going; that he must have looked upon this self-same scene, probably from this very spot, pondering the great tragedy before him, and the wilful race which would not understand nor know what they were doing. Not a stone stands upon another of the

Temple which he was supposed to have blasphemed, — everything is changed except nature; but nature, steadfast and faithful, keeps her trust. It is as certain as his being that he must have looked upon the same green hill, upon the same city of habitation, and walked where we now walk, and saw what we see. Here there is no stone to kiss, no individual act of which to call up the memory, but only the certainty that here he must have been, — enough to bring the water in a flood to the pilgrim's eyes, and the blood to his heart.

There is another association here which also seemed to me exceedingly affecting. On the very lowest slope of the Mount of Olives, deep down and unseen beyond the enclosing wall of the Temple area, lies the garden which is so associated with the sacred story, — Gethsemane, the scene of the agony. Almost opposite to it, on the other side of the road which traverses the narrow valley, is what is now called the Golden Gate, supposed to have been the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. It would be the natural and nearest way by which to reach that sacred retirement. By this gate no doubt the betrayer and his stealthy band would follow the steps of the Lord to his favorite haunt, stealing down under the twilight skies to where the shade of the pale olives sheltered his prayers and mysterious anguish, and the troubled dozing of the disciples "sleeping for sorrow," confused by the strange, uncomprehended tide of events, which was drawing their feet towards something they knew not what. And by this path again, no doubt, they led their prisoner back, avoiding the peopled ways, hurrying him into the stronghold of his enemies. It is said that there exists a Moslem tradition that by this gate the Messiah is to ride into the holy place, taking back his kingdom; and consequently the precaution has been taken — a curiously ineffectual one, considering the greatness of the event — of building up the gate! There is something even in this superstition which is grateful to the imaginative mind. And the singularly touching juxtaposition of the Temple gate and the garden is still more memorable. Gethsemane itself, a site about which there is no manner of doubt, is now a garden of flowers, protected by trim palings — a modern garden, orderly and well cared for, which gives a certain shock to the mind, but rather for the first moment than permanently. For there is something in the little group of grey, gnarled, and aged olive-trees, the old

immemorial inhabitants, which calms the first disappointment. I do not know what age it is possible for an olive to attain, or whether there is the faintest chance that these tottering giants may have been saplings under the stars of that wonderful evening, but it is scarcely possible to doubt that they are of the very stock of the trees that sheltered the divine visitor. Could this place but be kept in the greenness of nature, as the grass and the abundant wild flowers lie under so many an olive-garden, there would be no spot in the world more sacred, in which the pilgrim could feel more certainly that he stood in the very steps of

those blessed feet  
Which eighteen hundred years ago were  
nailed

For our advantage to the bitter cross.

It is to be believed that there is some widespreading natural impulse in the simple mind to adorn and ornament every place which it holds holy, and that it requires a certain growth and culture of feeling, as well as of mind, before we can understand the far greater advantage of letting alone. But we silence ourselves with the thought that it was a garden then, as now, and that for all we know it might have been a flower-garden, carefully trimmed and kept by its humble owner, and that the scent of the flowers, and the orderly, tranquil growth, were soothing to him who came thither from the noise and contentions of the city, perhaps with his seamless cloak wrapped round him, to lie down upon the soft green mound, encircling the rugged trunks, and see the lights die out of the windows of Zion, and the stars light up through the dark branches with all the radiance of the East.

Something of the same feeling arose in the mind on the road to Bethany, where suddenly, as we made our way up the hill, our guide turned round and said, as who should state the most simple fact, "This is sometimes called the Hosanna road." The Hosanna road! There flashed at once upon us the excitement of that sudden popular movement, when the people went out to meet him, "meek, and riding upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass," and the children rent the air with innocent shouts, Hosanna to the son of David! and the disciples, with some sudden fond anticipation of triumph, threw down their garments in the path of the king who came in the name of the Lord. What radiant dreams must have been in the minds of these simple men of Galilee who were

coming to such fame and greatness, to sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel! How they must have wondered when, as the procession swept round the shoulder of the hill, and Jerusalem suddenly rose before them in all her glory and beauty, he who was their head — the centre of the procession — paused and wept over the doomed city to whom her last opportunity was about to be offered! How little they understood him, then or ever! — toiling to catch a meaning in words of which they would not believe the simple significance, impetuous Peter rebuking him for his gloomy fancies! These are the holy stations, unmarked, thank heaven! by any cross or symbol, where the pilgrims of to-day will most truly feel and recognize the footsteps of the Lord.

And how strange, after all the endless anticipations, consultations with experts as to all that was to be done and provided for, tremors about the long voyage and its possible dangers, about the climate, and the unusual, unaccustomed life, to grow familiar as a matter of everyday with the streets and names of Jerusalem, as if that wonder of the world had been Perugia or Mentone, or any other accessible and easy though foreign place! And still more strange to turn our backs soberly and silently upon the grey walls and the great tower of David, and to say to ourselves that it was over — that we had been at Jerusalem! That it should be to come was an overwhelming, scarcely credible thought; that it is over and done with is the strangest sobering reflection — a sort of symbol of life itself, which is no better than a pilgrimage, which begins with such fine hopes and fancies, which falls into such commonplace, which ends in most cases with such a dull sense of things omitted and undertakings failed. Yet I will not say that this was the case with Jerusalem. These scenes are never to be forgotten. The steep climb, overwhelming in emotion, and full of physical fatigue and effort, up the street of the passion; the evening falling over Gethsemane; the blaze of afternoon sunshine upon Jerusalem from Bethany and the Hosanna road; the still morning on the holy mount, the platform of the Temple; and outside the Damascus gate, all lonely in darker color, the hues of riven rock and brown soil, lying under a wide expanse of cloudy sky, the tragic hillock, like a skull, as was the place that was called Golgotha, — all these are pictures that will not depart — memories of a pilgrimage more lasting than the

crosslets in gold or silver, the scraps of olive-wood and dried flowers which one carries home, for no particular reason except that everybody does the same.

The only place near Jerusalem which has anything like an equal interest is Bethlehem—a white town spread upon a hillside overlooking a wider and more fertile valley than most of the deep hollows which separate the hills of Judea. An air of cheerfulness and brightness is about the place. The gay and brilliant young Eothen of half a century ago gives a playful description of his own delight in finding smiling faces and the laughter of girls upon his path in the little hilly city of the Nativity; and one cannot but remember his words when the women flock out to their doors—in greater numbers, surely, than in other places—as the carriage dashes up a narrow street where the panels almost graze the walls, and the pavement seems composed of boulders like the bed of a mountain stream. This is a trifle in the East, where in towns much more important than this which is little among the cities of Judah—thriving cities like Smyrna and Beyrout—you drive over thoroughfares like water-courses at the peril of your life. The inhabitants of Bethlehem are all Christian, which is cheering to begin with; and the feminine part of them are unusually distinguished by good looks, and wear a beautiful costume—embroidered jacket with long hanging sleeves, and skirts in various colors—exceedingly picturesque and striking. Their heads are adorned with silver chains and coins encircling the forehead and falling on each side of the face, over which the women who are married wear some sort of a stiff round cap over which is arranged a long veil of the fine unbleached linen which is peculiar to the East, embroidered with a heavy border in rich colors, of silk—red and purple and blue. This headdress gives a kind of mild majesty to their clear tints and well-cut features; and they sell their vegetables like princesses—not in disguise, but gracefully condescending to supply their fellow-creatures with the necessities of life.

The great Church of the Nativity is, like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, divided between the different creeds of Christianity—but it is unnecessary that the pilgrim should trouble himself with these distinctions. There is, I believe, no real question about the authenticity of the situation, or that the rock-cut rooms under the churches are truly the remains

of the inn in which Joseph of Nazareth could find no place. It seems strange to the visitor that the little ancient house of public entertainment should be a succession of caves. But this is not at all surprising to those who are aware how much use is still made of these dwellings of nature, which are the most impervious to the sunshine, and save at least half the trouble of building. No doubt there were some chambers above for guests of superior pretensions; but there are still many cave-dwellings in Nazareth, from which came the strangers in that distant time; and there would be nothing unusual to the maiden-mother of Galilee in the little alcove, deep cut in the rock, where her mats would be spread, or even, perhaps, in the near neighborhood of the friendly animals used to that dim imprisonment. To roof over this alcove with an altar, and to turn the manger into a chapel, with hanging lamps that make the darkness visible, was inevitable, perhaps, and it does not distract the senses as at the Holy Sepulchre. The pilgrim can yet feel in the dim silence of the sacred place a sentiment not inappropriate, a suggestion of awe and infinite tenderness. The long chamber where the stalled creatures must have stood is at right angles from this little corner, a kind of entrance to the stable, with the rock-hewn manger opposite. A steep little stair, also cut in the rock, leads to the other chambers, and to the outlet above where the superior part of the little hostelry would be. St. Jerome, with or without his lion, lived and wrote in one of these excavated rooms, but that is not a memory which we willingly mingle with that of the child and the mother in the dim quiet below. Here he was born. The few who enter kneel before the low recess, perhaps kiss the stone, then rise like shadows and flit away. Was it here, too, that the Eastern sages came from their far, star-gazing plains,—great figures cloaked and turbaned, coming dazzled out of the upper air, astonished to see the lowly place in which the King of the Jews was born, with, perhaps, the rude shepherds stumbling after them confused, with their tale of the angels and the great song they had heard out of the midnight skies; and Mary languid, yet glad, with eyes accustomed to the gloom, gazed wonderingly upon all the wonderful visitors, whose eager looks must have searched the little nook before they could make out the whiteness of the infant, the light in the mother's face, who laid up all these things in her heart?



How strangely changed the pictures with which we are all so familiar would have been, had it been possible for the painters of Italy to know under what conditions rustic life was lived in Palestine! But unlike as it is to anything the northern imagination has dwelt upon, there is nothing discordant, nothing inharmonious. The carpets and quilts of primitive use would be laid there so simply for her bed. The warm dimness would soothe the eyes; the stirring of the cattle, innocent spectators, bring no disturbance; and all other sounds muffled in the safe quiet, underground. The stable and the manger have pointed many a moral in sermons and eloquent discourses as to the poverty and hardship that attended the divine birth, but there is no such complaint in the sacred story; and as the strangeness of the rock-hewn rooms dies away, an impression of naturalness, of simple truth to the circumstances of the place and time, grows upon the mind, and a tender awe in the heart.

Nothing inharmonious — no; except the Turkish soldier *en faction* with his musket, in the darkest corner, only discovered after the eyes have grown familiar to the gloom, and by the movement of the curved palm which he holds stealthily towards you, on the chance of a possible *bakshish*. The two ladies who had gone back alone to spend a silent moment in the little sacred place of the Nativity had been frightened by the sudden discovery of this unsuspected sentinel, and had yielded to the repeated imperative though dumb demand. He too is placed there, so says the pretence which prejudice and credulity keep up, to prevent the Latin and the Greek from deadly quarrel. I do not believe a word of it; his presence is simple insult, and no more.

The Greeks have the more splendid of the churches into which we make our way above; but the Latins have the monastery attached, and it is a kind Franciscan brother in his brown gown who brings us coffee in the long, airy, cool refectory, with its recessed window looking out over the beautiful valley; the green and fertile place where lay the fields of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned "among the alien corn," and where the shepherds lay beneath the stars, and saw the skies open, and the herald angels come forth. It is still green and prosperous, as if a special blessing rested upon the fields and pleasant slopes that surround the rock-chamber in which the Lord of Life was born; no stony ridges or scattered rocks about, such as those that

give the other hillsides and ravines the air of being covered with endless ruins. I heard a curious argument in Jerusalem produced in opposition to some one who answered the usual prejudice about the Jews by saying that for himself he could not forget that our Lord in the flesh was a Jew. "No, no!" cried the debater hotly, "he was no Jew. Consider how his race was mixed; there was Ruth, who was of Moab, and Rahab of Jericho, and who knows how many more." The argument was but a poor one. Yet the story of Ruth connects itself with this city of David and of David's son, who was his Lord, with poetic completeness. The image of the young wanderer, covered with the veil of premature widowhood, and with her loyal and loving heart, who came to the greatest glory that Hebrew women could aspire to, and became in her distant generation like Mary, the mother of the Lord — is always a beautiful and touching recollection. This, the one genealogy for the sake of which all the others were so carefully guarded, has many singular episodes, but none more attractive. And there, too, upon the mountain-side, the youngest son of Jesse, he who was ruddy and of a fair countenance, a beautiful shepherd lad, led his flock from hill to hill, and gathered the lambs in his arms, and defended the helpless creatures at the peril of life. How many happy similitudes, how many recollections! What a world of purest poetry and heroic romance is about this spot! The well of Bethlehem alone, the devoted band who forced their way over mountain and glen and through the ring of their enemies to bring their hero and king the draught of water for which he longed — and that hero, touched to the heart, pouring out the precious draught "before the Lord," as unworthy to touch with soiled human lips what had been so dearly purchased — what book of chivalry contains a more beautiful story? The village was "little among the thousands of Judah" in these days. But to what fame and glory over the whole world it has come!

So far as we have gone, no traveller need fear to visit these holiest places. But for the unwelcome interval of sea, which is not to be circumvented, but which the most timid nowadays encounter with so little hesitation, Jerusalem and Bethlehem can be reached in perfect ease and comfort without fear either of too fervent a sun or too difficult a way. There are many who grudge even the introduction of a carriage-road to the desecration of the wilds of Palestine, but this is a fantastic



scruple. When we push our way farther north to Galilee, a less easy method and a slower progress must content the pilgrim on his further way.

From Murray's Magazine.  
MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.  
AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

#### AN EMPTY TRIUMPH.

NOR until she had reached the door of Sir George Brett's house in Portman Square did it occur to Marcia that she would find herself in a somewhat awkward fix, if, contrary to her expectation, her sister-in-law should receive her. But her momentary anxiety on this point was relieved by the butler, who appeared in response to her ring and who at once said, "Not at home, m'm," while he gazed over her head into vacancy.

"Is Lady Brett out, or doesn't she receive?" inquired Marcia.

"Her ladyship is gone out driving, m'm."

Now Marcia knew this man, who had evidently recognized her, although he affected not to do so. "Benson," said she, holding between her finger and thumb the sovereign with which she had provided herself for his benefit, "I wish to see Master Willie. I suppose he isn't in the house now; but probably you can tell me at what time I should have the best chance of finding him if I came again."

Benson gazed pensively at the coin and remained silent; but when it had been transferred to his palm he lowered his voice and replied, "Well, m'm, to tell you the truth, Master Willie *is* in, and I'm sure I should be very pleased for him to see his mar, which he's always askin' me about you, m'm. But I'm sorry to say as I've had very positive orders not to admit you, m'm."

Marcia immediately stepped past him and entered the hall. "You can't turn me out now," she remarked. "It is no fault of yours that I have forced my way into the house, and of course it would be impossible for you to use physical force with a lady. Now, Benson, you can go and call Master Willie. I shall wait for him in the library, and as I shall not stay more than half an hour, Lady Brett need not

know that I have been here. For that matter, I have a perfect right to be here—as I should think you must be aware."

Benson shook his head, but smiled and only begged Mrs. Brett to bear in mind that she would get him into a serious trouble if she outstayed her time. So Marcia was shown into the library, a rather dismal apartment, containing several hundred books which nobody ever dreamt of removing from their shelves, and there, with a beating heart, awaited a meeting which she had not dared to expect so soon, and which, as she now felt for the first time, might prove more painful than joyful.

But she was not kept waiting long, nor were her half-formed fears realized. For presently there came a sound as of somebody running down-stairs at the top of his speed, then the door was flung open, and before she could draw a breath a great big boy, who had thrown his arms round her neck, was kissing her upon both cheeks. Well, it was a moment of pure, unalloyed happiness, a moment to be remembered afterwards with thankfulness and tears, one of those moments which only come here and there into anybody's life and which, at the best of times, are but transitory.

"Did you think I had forgotten you, Willie?" Marcia asked, when she had drawn her boy down upon a sofa beside her and was holding his hand in one of hers, the other being employed in wiping her eyes.

"I didn't know," answered Willie, and his voice was not quite as steady as it might have been, notwithstanding his age and the fine proportions of his person. "You never wrote to me, and Aunt Caroline said——"

"Oh, but I told you that you must never believe what they said about me!" interrupted Marcia reproachfully. "They don't care what they say; all they want is to make you believe that I am a heartless wretch. But, oh, my own dear Willie, you don't believe that, do you? You *can't* believe it!"

It was true enough that he could not believe it and therefore had not believed it, although his trust in her had been put to a more severe test than the trust of most of those whom we love will bear without snapping. He was able to give her the assurance that she asked for, and when he, on his side, made a complaint which she admitted that he was entitled to make, she answered,—

"Oh, I had a hundred reasons for not

writing. It wasn't that I didn't want to write; but I knew you wouldn't like my marrying again — of course you couldn't like it — and — and I thought —"

She paused because it was impossible to confess the truth, which was that she had thought she might begin a new life, in which he should have no part, and that it would be a great deal better for him if she could contrive to do so. "We won't talk of that," she resumed, for indeed it was against her nature to talk of anything disagreeable. "Tell me about Eton. Are you happy there? Do you like it better than Farnborough? But of course you do; I always knew you would. And oh, Willie, what a dandy you are, and what a giant you are growing! You must be nearly as tall as I am. Stand up and let us measure."

The boy humored her and answered her questions. He had plenty of news to give her; he knew from of old that she could enter into every thought and wish of his; it was delightful to him to hear her voice again, to look into her eyes and to find her so little changed. Yet he could not ask her for information which she could not volunteer, and so there was a certain restraint upon their intercourse of which Marcia became conscious after a while. At length she dropped his hand, sighed, and looked at her watch. "I shall have to go away presently," she said in lugubrious accents.

"But why?" asked Willie eagerly. "Who can prevent your coming to see me if you want to come?"

"Oh, your uncle, of course," Marcia answered; "this is his house, you know, and he can forbid me to enter it. In fact, he has forbidden me. He has chosen to quarrel with me, and I shouldn't have been admitted now if he or your aunt had been at home and if I hadn't given Benson a sovereign."

"Then," said Willie decisively, "I'll quarrel with him too. He can forbid me to enter his house if he likes — and welcome!"

But Marcia explained that that plan, attractive though it might appear at first sight, was not one which could be seriously entertained. "Your uncle is your guardian," she said, "and — and — I think most likely you will be his heir. I should never forgive myself if you were to quarrel with him for my sake. Besides, I don't suppose that he would let you quarrel with him; he would say that you were too young to know your own mind. No; we must have patience and wait. Perhaps,

some day, when you are grown up — but I can't look forward so far as that."

Willie declared that he also was unable to project himself in imagination through the mists which obscured the distant future. What he wanted was his mother's companionship in the present, and if that boon could only be obtained by defying his uncle, he saw no reason why his uncle should not be defied. "What can Uncle George do to us, supposing that we choose to disobey him?" was his pertinent query.

Marcia really could not say. She was inclined to believe that Sir George had all the power and majesty of the law to support him; yet she doubted whether he would risk the scandal of setting the law in motion. To send a couple of policemen with instructions to tear the son from his mother's arms would be too ridiculous, even if such a proceeding were legal. "Possibly he might not do anything very dreadful to us," she answered at length; "but I am afraid it would be rather foolish of us to snap our fingers in his face. Perhaps you could sometimes come and see me without letting him know where you have been."

Willie did not seem to fancy this suggestion very much. "I'd a good deal rather tell the truth about it," he answered; "I don't funk Uncle George."

What Marcia was thinking — only she did not like to say so — was that somebody beside Sir George would have to be reckoned with. For herself, she asked nothing better than that Willie should be restored to her, and she would consider such happiness purchased upon easy terms even though it should entail the sacrifice of his golden prospects; but she was by no means sure that Cecil would take that view. She did not realize that the boy perfectly understood her position and was far too proud to inflict himself upon her as a burden. Perhaps he guessed what was passing through her mind; for, as she made no reply, he went on: "I know I've got to live with Uncle George, and I've done what you told me and been respectful to him and all that; but I believe he'd cave in if I told him straight out that I meant to go and see you every now and then."

Willie had taken his uncle's measure accurately enough; nothing was more probable than that Sir George would yield to firm opposition. But Marcia, who did not forget that Sir George was a married man, was of opinion that stratagem was safer than challenge.

"So long as I can see you," said she, "I don't much care how we manage it; only I think we should try to avoid provoking more quarrels. We might easily arrange to meet somewhere or other two or three times a week without being discovered."

"Yes, we could do that," Willie assented doubtfully; "but Aunt Caroline generally asks me where I have been, and I can't tell her a lie, you know."

Marcia's own conscience, like that of most women, did not forbid her an occasional *suppressio veri*; yet it was sensitive enough to shrink from a suggestion of casuistry to others. So she only said: "If the worst comes to the worst, you will have to confess that you have been with me; only I am sure that when you do, they will say that it mustn't happen again. All we can hope for is that they won't ask troublesome questions."

Now, as they were quite certain to ask questions, this was evidently a forlorn hope to trust to, and Willie did his best to point out what a much better chance of success would be secured by the display of a little courage. He ended by partially convincing his mother; but it took him some little time to arrive at that point, so that Marcia had been more than an hour in the library before she noticed how late it was.

"I must go!" she exclaimed; "I wouldn't for all the world let your uncle or your aunt find me here."

Hardly were the words out of her mouth when the door was opened and Sir George, who by ill-luck had returned straight home from the City, walked in. The situation was an awkward one; but there was no escaping from it, and Marcia did what is always the wisest thing to do in an awkward situation by holding her tongue. Sir George, being completely taken aback, simply ejaculated "Hullo!"—after which there was a prolonged pause.

Willie, mindful of his duty to his elders, allowed them what he considered a sufficient time in which to speak first; but, since neither of them profited by the opportunity accorded to them, he took matters into his own hands and said, in his clear, boyish voice: "Mother came here to see me, Uncle George. She thinks you will be angry about it; but there isn't any good in being angry, you know, because we can't get on without meeting sometimes. You needn't see her unless you like."

Sir George broke into a laugh. "Upon

my word, young gentleman," said he, "you have a pretty cool way of stating your intentions. Is that the sort of speech that you are in the habit of making to your tutor at Eton, I wonder? Well; now that you have said what you have to say, perhaps you will bid Mrs. Archdale good-bye and leave us. I also have to state my humble intentions; but your presence will not be required while I am doing so."

It was evident that the boy's self-assertion had not displeased him, and Willie cast an encouraging glance at his mother which was intended to mean "I told you so!" He went up to her and kissed her, saying, "We shall meet again soon, shan't we?" Then he obediently left the room.

Marcia had risen, and Sir George did not ask her to resume her seat—which was perhaps rather uncivil of him; but allowances must be made for a man who was in desperate fear lest his sense of what was just and right should be obscured by the emotions of a generous and compassionate nature. He therefore remained standing and, after clearing his voice and endeavoring to look as formidable as he was sure that he often looked in the City, began: "Mrs. Archdale, I am compelled to say that this is a most unwarrantable intrusion. May I inquire the meaning of it?"

"You have just been told the meaning of it," answered Marcia, who, now that she had been brought to bay, was not disinclined to show fight. "I need not say that it was very disagreeable to me to come to your house; but that seemed to be my only chance of seeing Willie. By the way, don't you think that it is rather absurd to address me as 'Mrs. Archdale'?"

"It may be; but I am unable to perceive the absurdity of calling you by your name. The extraordinary haste with which you assumed that name would have led me to suppose that you were proud of bearing it. However that may be, I can no longer consider you as belonging to our family, nor do I wish to claim the privileges of a relative."

"I certainly do not wish to force them upon you," returned Marcia; "but whether I have ceased to be your sister-in-law or not, you will admit that I have not ceased to be Willie's mother."

"Excuse me; you have to all intents and purposes ceased to occupy that position. I should perhaps be justified in saying that you have forfeited it morally; but I will not say so, I will merely remind you that you forfeited it legally when my

poor brother nominated me as the sole guardian of his child. Situated as I am, I can but use my own judgment in matters relating to your son's welfare, and, as you are aware, I do not think that his welfare would be promoted, were I to allow you to visit him."

The man's pomposity irritated Marcia even more than his insensibility. She longed to tell him what a perfect fool he looked, but curbed that natural inclination and only said: "Will you condescend to tell me why I am not a fit companion for my own son?"

Sir George waved his hand and shook his head. "I must decline," he answered, "to be drawn into a discussion which could be neither useful nor profitable. My decision, as I think I mentioned to you in my letter, is irrevocable. I am sorry that, in spite of what I wrote to you, you should have thought fit to force your way into my house; but we will say no more about that. I shall take measures to prevent any recurrence of the—er—indiscretion."

Now, if Marcia had had all her wits about her she would doubtless have attempted, by means of a little judicious flattery, to soften the heart of this self-satisfied old gentleman, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that she would have succeeded; but she was excited and nervous, and she could not help seeing that there was no great strength of purpose in him, and she remembered Willie's advice, which seemed to be grounded on principles of common sense; so she said boldly: "I don't care what measures you may take; I have submitted to a great deal, but I will not submit to be parted from Willie, nor will he submit to be parted from me. You can't lock either of us up, fortunately, and as we intend to meet, you may be sure that we shall find ways of meeting. Surely you must see that you will not be able to carry out your threat."

Sir George smiled, raised his eyebrows, and observed that he would at any rate do his best to carry it out.

He was so provoking, he looked so positively contemptuous, and he had so very little right to entertain feelings of contempt for anybody, that Marcia could not resist trying to make him lose his temper. She said, —

"It is a pity that you are so frightened of your wife. If you were left to yourself you would most likely be sensible enough to understand that no amount of calumny

would induce Willie to take up your quarrel with me; but you are under the thumb of Caroline, who has always envied and hated me, and who, I suppose, thinks that she has now hit upon a fine opportunity for paying off old scores. Well, if you live long enough, you will be able to judge what her scheme is worth."

Sir George rose as satisfactorily as could have been wished. Clouds gathered upon his brow, his cheeks grew red, and it was in a voice trembling with suppressed wrath that he answered, "You little know me, Mrs. Archdale, if you imagine that my actions are liable to be influenced either by feminine jealousies or by feminine impertinence. Your assertion that my wife is envious of you may or may not be true — I have never had the curiosity to make inquiries on that point — but, since plain language appears to please you, I need not scruple to say that my decision as regards Willie and yourself has been arrived at solely in consequence of the view which I personally take of your character and conduct. I think, and I always shall think, that you were guilty of poor Eustace's death; I think that, during his lifetime, you behaved with very little regard to decency, and that you disregarded decency altogether by contracting a second marriage before he was cold in his grave. It will be obvious to you that, holding such an opinion, I cannot conscientiously sanction any association between you and my ward. I have nothing more to add," concluded Sir George, moving towards the door as though he intended holding it open for his visitor.

Marcia might have made a dignified exit; but, although she had roused Sir George's temper, she had not contrived to keep her own. "You are very insulting and very cowardly!" she exclaimed. "No man would say such things, and I know quite well that you are merely making yourself Caroline's echo; still it is bad enough to pretend to believe what is false, and I hope I shall never be obliged to see you or speak to you again."

"Madam," answered Sir George, as he opened the door, "I may safely promise you that, with my consent, you never will."

It must be admitted that he had had the best of the encounter, although Marcia secured the empty triumph of the last word. "You and Caroline may do your worst," said she; "but you will never prevent Willie from caring for me and you will never make him care for you."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## MARCIA'S CHOICE.

SELF-ESTEEM is said to be the most vulnerable spot in any man's moral anatomy. This may be the case — women declare that it is the case, and they ought to know — but perhaps a humble student of human nature may be permitted to observe that, so far as his experience has gone, vanity is the especial failing of the under-bred. However that may be, Sir George Brett, whose pedigree would hardly have borne close examination, was unquestionably vain, and if his sister-in-law had desired to make an eternal enemy of him she could hardly have done better than to accuse him of being under petticoat government. As a matter of fact, he never forgot that insult and never forgave it. He had not thought too highly of Marcia before the interview described in the last chapter; after it, he was ready to believe her capable of any and every crime. And so it seemed to be his bounden duty to lose no time in taking those measures of which he had spoken to her.

"Caroline," he said to his wife, that same evening, in an authoritative tone of voice, "I shall be glad if you will go down to Blaydon to-morrow and take the boy with you. I dare say you will have heard that his mother made her way into the house this afternoon; Benson tells me that she pushed past him, although he did his best to turn her away from the door. Probably she will not attempt to do that a second time; but she was extremely insolent in her manner to me, asserting that she would contrive to meet her son with or without my permission, and as she undoubtedly has it in her power to cause us some annoyance, I think the wisest plan will be to place Willie out of her reach until he returns to Eton."

Lady Brett was disinclined to fly from the face of an enemy with whom she would have been very pleased to risk a personal encounter; but she recognized the difficulty of preventing two wilful people from having their way, and it was a consolation to her to reflect that Marcia could be checkmated with so little trouble. So she dutifully signified her readiness to do what was required of her, and on the following morning she and her nephew left London.

"My dear Willie," was her reply to certain remonstrances which the latter made so bold as to utter, "you know — or at any rate you ought to know — that we

must not question the orders of those whom Providence has set in authority over us. Your uncle wishes us to go down to the country. That is enough for me, and it should be enough for you. Some day, if you live long enough, it will be your turn to exercise authority; meanwhile you must do as I do and obey."

It was quite certain that he could do nothing else; and, as he was of a patient disposition, he might have resigned himself to wait until he should be master of his own actions, had he been able to write a few lines of explanation to his mother. Unfortunately, she had omitted to inform him of her address; and so it was that both he and she passed through a brief period of miserable suspense.

For a whole week Marcia haunted the neighborhood of Portman Square. She was there at all hours of the day, but never a glimpse did she obtain of what she was seeking for, and at length she wrote to Willie, begging him to name a time and place at which they might meet. "I dare say those wretches open his letters," she thought; "but I must take my chance of that."

In this she wronged Sir George, who saw the letter and recognized the handwriting, but forwarded it to Blaydon intact, and by return of post she received a reply from Willie which brought tears of joy into her eyes. The boy could not have written more reasonably and sensibly if he had been three times his age. He had spoken to his aunt, he said, and had told her that he would make no promise of unconditional obedience. He meant to take every opportunity of seeing his mother, and it would be for his guardians to prevent him from doing so if they could. For the present they evidently could do so. However, he had not been forbidden to write or receive letters, nor had he been scolded for his contumacy. "Aunt Caroline says I am deluded, but she can't blame me. I say she is another, and then she laughs. She really isn't such a bad old creature if you take her the right way."

Probably this is true of ninety-nine people out of a hundred, but it is only one person out of a hundred who knows how to take everybody in the right way, and if Willie was such an exceptional human being, Marcia certainly was not. This was what her husband told her when he returned from his visit to the north, and when she made confession to him of her proceedings.

"I don't wish to say anything rude,



Marcia," he remarked, after listening to her narrative, "but I really can't compliment you on your dexterity. By your own account, you have mortally offended a man of whom you had a favor to ask, and who, I should think, might have been conciliated without much difficulty. Oh, I know you began by asking the favor and you met with a refusal. Still one doesn't quite see how you have improved matters by putting the old gentleman in an infernal rage. It would have been so very much more to the purpose to stroke him down."

"You don't know how exasperating he was!" exclaimed Marcia. "But I am glad," she added, smiling, "that you are on my side, Cecil; I was afraid you would say that I ought not to have attempted to see Willie at all."

"Am I on your side?" asked Archdale, with a laugh. "I don't think I am, you know. I should certainly have recommended you to keep upon good terms with the boy's guardian; but more than that I should hardly have been prepared to advise. You see, if you were to put the old man's back up, it would be open to him to resign his guardianship — which would be awkward."

"I really shouldn't so very much care," Marcia declared. "Willie would risk losing a fortune, of course; but money isn't everything. Anyhow, we have made up our minds that we will not consent to be permanently parted, whatever George Brett may do or say."

Archdale made a slight grimace, but did not pursue the subject farther. He had no intention of undertaking the maintenance and education of his step-son if he could help it; still he knew enough of women to know that it is a piece of gratuitous folly to remonstrate with them when they have made up their minds or think that they have done so. He, therefore, began to talk about Wetherby, where it seemed that he had been well received, and he was glad to be able to announce that Lady Wetherby had sent her love to her old friend. He attached no slight importance to this message; for the truth was that he did not at all want his wife to be ignored during the coming season, and he had had certain misgivings which he was aware that Marcia had shared. Now Lady Wetherby was a tower of strength. Rich, highly placed, and eminently respectable, she was just one of those persons whose lead is sure to be followed in doubtful cases, and any one who was made welcome at her entertainments might

safely be regarded as above all suspicion. And Marcia, though she affected indifference, was secretly pleased to hear that Laura Wetherby was not going to drop her; so that the evening passed away pleasantly enough with anticipations of future social enjoyments and a judicious avoidance of topics upon which there was room for difference of opinion.

Archdale, however, was by no means obvious of a danger which seemed to him to call for prompt measures of precaution, and instead of betaking himself to his studio on the following morning, he drove straight to Brett's bank in the City, where he sent in his card with a request that he might be allowed to see Sir George for a few minutes. He was kept waiting some little time — Sir George made it a rule to keep people waiting, knowing how salutary the effect of such detention is upon the over-bold — but at length he was admitted into the presence of the great man, who was seated behind a massive writing-table, and who looked a good deal more awe-inspiring than the general run of cabinet ministers.

Sir George rose and bowed gravely, without extending his hand, while Archdale smiled, nodded, and took a chair, saying, "How are you, Sir George?"

He went on to explain the object of his visit. "I ought to apologize for intruding upon you; you are very busy, no doubt. But I will not trespass upon your indulgence long, and I really think that a good deal of time and trouble will be saved if you and I can come to an understanding about family affairs — as I am sure that we can. I need not tell you that I refer to my wife's unwillingness — it is a very natural unwillingness, as you will allow — to be cut off from her son. Now, what are — you going to do about it?"

"I have already told Mrs. Archdale," replied Sir George stiffly, "that so long as my nephew remains under my charge I shall not permit him to see her. I shall take care that he has no opportunity of doing so, and I confess that I fail to see how any further discussion can promote a clearer understanding of so simple a matter."

"Well," said Archdale, with perfect good humor, "I won't inquire your reasons for being so uncompromising; very likely if you gave them, they wouldn't be particularly complimentary either to my wife or to myself. Besides, I am really to a great extent with you. A division of authority, or even a division of influence, is, after all, a mistake, and for my own part I should



prefer, upon the whole, to have nothing more to do with the boy."

"That I can quite believe," observed Sir George dryly.

Archdale laughed. "Oh, well, everybody admits that step-children are a nuisance; I cannot imagine any man feeling otherwise than grateful to a relative who was anxious to adopt his step-son. But what I want to point out to you, Sir George, is that the matter isn't quite such a simple one as you call it. Marcia, of course, cannot be made to obey you, and I gather that the boy —"

"He will have to obey me," interrupted Sir George.

"Possibly; but I don't see how you are going to enforce obedience. You can't, for instance, prevent his mother from writing to him; you can't prevent her making appointments with him and going down to Eton to keep them. That, you may be sure, is precisely what she intends to do, and I foresee an immense deal of annoyance and worry for all of us unless we can hit upon some means of deterring her from doing it. Now, my own impression is —"

Sir George interrupted his visitor for the second time. "Excuse me," said he; "I do not care to resort to stratagem. My course is perfectly plain and straightforward. I have accepted the trust bequeathed to me by my late brother; I propose to treat Willie in all respects like a son of mine, and it is probable — though I do not mention this as being anything more than a probability — that he will eventually inherit all that I possess. Nevertheless, I will not have my decisions questioned or my orders disobeyed. You tell me that I cannot enforce obedience; my reply is that, in the event of my being disobeyed, I shall throw down the reins. I shall continue to act as my nephew's trustee; but I shall cease to be responsible for his education. I shall no longer give him a home, and he certainly will not receive one penny at my death."

This was just what Archdale had wanted Sir George to say. He nodded approvingly. "May I repeat that to my wife on your authority?" he asked.

"I will put it in writing, if you choose," replied Sir George, who began to perceive what his interlocutor was driving at, and whose respect for that gentleman was not increased by the discovery. "Please to understand, however, that what I have said to you is a mere statement of facts, not a threat. If you are desirous of bringing pressure to bear upon Mrs. Archdale,

and if you think that you see your way to doing it, so much the better; but that is your affair. Personally, I have nothing to say to the lady; she has put it quite out of the question that I should hold any further communication, direct or indirect, with her."

Archdale, having obtained what he wanted, went away without being at all abashed by the haughtiness of the banker. He saw no reason for being ashamed of himself; what he did see was that he would have to undertake all the trouble and expense of bringing up an insubordinate youth unless he could induce his wife to consent to a renunciation which appeared to be as expedient for her sake as for his own, and after dinner, that evening, he took occasion to tell her that he was afraid she must give up all idea of fighting her brother-in-law.

"I went into the City this morning, and had a talk with Sir George Brett," said he; "I thought the best way was to see him and find out how the land lay. Well, he is a very pig-headed old person. He took exactly the line that I had expected him to take — wouldn't have anything to say to us, wouldn't accept our acquaintance on any terms — and as soon as I suggested that, in spite of all his anathemas, you would probably contrive to see your son when you chose, he returned that if his orders were not respected he should throw up his guardianship."

"Let him!" answered Marcia intrepidly; "Willie won't perish for want of the privilege of being his ward, I suppose. Thank you for having gone to see him, Cecil; it was very kind of you to think of it."

"Oh, not at all; the experiment was worth trying, though I hadn't much confidence in its success. But unluckily it isn't only his guardianship that he threatened to withdraw. He told me in the plainest language that he intended at present to make the boy his heir, but that unless he could retain absolute control over him he wouldn't leave him a penny."

"Oh, he admits that he hasn't legal control over him, then?"

"We didn't touch upon that question. I should imagine that the law would give him as much authority as he chose to claim; but it would be very disagreeable for everybody to have the case dragged into court. At all events, the law cannot compel him to act as guardian against his will; still less can it dictate to him how he shall dispose of his fortune. So that he really has the whip-hand of us, you see."

"He would, if we were as fond of money as he is; but perhaps we aren't. Shall I tell you the whole truth, Cecil? I would gladly and thankfully take Willie away from those people to-morrow if I were not afraid of his being a burden upon you. That is the only thing that has made me hesitate."

Archdale raised his eyebrows, looked down at his boots, and was silent. Marcia, who understood men pretty well and liked them, upon the whole, much better than she liked women, was well acquainted with our cardinal defect. She was so deeply in love with her Cecil that she had cherished some hope of finding him less selfish than the rest of his sex; but now she saw that she must submit to a disappointment in that respect.

"I suppose he *would* be rather a burden on you," she hazarded timidly.

"Oh, not pecuniarily. Your income is sufficient for you and for him, and I have no right to protest against your using it for his support. But if you ask me whether I should enjoy having him in the house as a third person, I must tell you honestly that I shouldn't enjoy it at all. He hates me — very naturally, I dare say, but at any rate, he does hate me — and, although I hope I have self-command enough to steer clear of a breach of the peace, I think I can foresee that whenever he is at home I shall be driven away from home."

The menace was not ill-chosen. Marcia was prepared to sacrifice anything rather than her husband's love, and she was fully alive to the danger of forcing husbands to seek for amusement away from home. "I am sure Willie doesn't hate you, Cecil," she faltered; "why should he?"

Archdale shrugged his shoulders. "My dear child, it isn't in human nature to love one's step-father. I assure you I bear no malice against the boy; I have no doubt that I should feel just as he does if I were in his place. Only I don't think that one house will hold us both very comfortably, and I have a strong idea that if you take him away from a rich old uncle (who won't live forever, mind you), a day will come when you will regret it. My advice to you is to let Sir George have his way. Still I shall not complain if you see fit to disregard my advice."

"Do you mean that you wish me to abandon Willie altogether?" asked Marcia, with trembling lips and tears upon her eyelashes.

That was certainly what he did wish;

but he was reluctant to say so outright, "I think," said he, "that you will have to do one thing or the other. Sir George, I take it, is not quite such a fool as to allow surreptitious meetings, and apparently he doesn't mean to press his claims if you choose to oppose them. I have told you which horn of the dilemma I should choose if I were you; I would rather not say any more."

The dilemma was, in fact, what she had perceived it to be from the first; she must choose between her son and her husband; and, that being so, her choice was a foregone conclusion. She hesitated a long time, as was but natural; she tried to persuade herself that she was only yielding to a cruel necessity, because Willie's welfare made it a necessity, and in this effort she received such support from Cecil as might have been anticipated; yet it was with a very heavy heart that she sat down at last to write to her boy, and to announce to him the surrender which, she said, had been forced upon her by circumstances.

"I know you will be unhappy about it," she wrote, "but you will not be as unhappy as I am, and you will forget sooner than I shall. My only comfort is in thinking that the greatest service I can do you at present is to let you go. Some day you will see this, and some day, I hope and pray, you will come back to me."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### AT WETHERBY ONCE MORE.

MARCIA had not long to wait for a reply to her letter. She shed many tears over it when it came; that she would probably have done in any case; yet she would have been better pleased if its tone had been more reproachful and less resigned. Willie, poor little man! understood many things which boys of his age are not generally supposed to understand; but he did not possess quite sufficient insight into feminine character to know what his mother expected of him in this emergency, and naturally he did not guess that it would soothe her feelings to be upbraided. He simply acquiesced in her decision; apparently he did not think that anybody was to blame; he said no more about showing a bold front to his uncle, nor did he dispute her assertion that the rending asunder of their lives would cause more unhappiness to her than to him. If there was a certain unwonted formality about his composition, it did not, at any rate, breathe a word of complaint, and he

signed himself "Ever your loving son Willie" — the underlining of the word "ever" being a little significant touch which he had deemed it permissible to introduce.

In truth the boy could hardly have written otherwise. What is to be done when your ally concludes conditions of peace with the enemy behind your back? The Crimean War, as everybody knows, terminated after a fashion which was not entirely satisfactory to one of the allied powers; yet that power had to illuminate its streets and rub its hands and try to look as though all were for the best. Now, to compare small things with great, it was evident that Willie could not carry on this struggle single-handed. Had his mother been prepared to support him, he would have been ready and willing to fight; but since she did not see fit to do so, he could only bow his head and hold his tongue. Her motive for so abruptly deserting a position which she had seemed to take up with some show of firmness was no secret to him; he knew just as well as if she had told him so that she had been conquered by his step-father, not by his uncle; and, knowing that, it was not possible for him to reveal to her how grievous was his disappointment. His fidelity to her was not shaken; only he felt, as he had every right to feel, that she had been a little unfaithful to him.

But Marcia, whose affections, strong though they were, were of an absolutely indiscriminating order, seldom attempted to realize the mental attitude of those whom she loved. She judged them by their actions — that is to say, that she judged them by such actions of theirs as affected her personally — and when she had perused the reply over which Willie had spent two hours of anxious and tearful meditation, she said to herself that he had a cold heart. It may be also that her conscience was not altogether at ease with regard to him, and that for that reason pardon was more painful to her than rebuke.

The next morning's post brought her a letter from Caroline which did not serve to allay her soreness of spirit. Lady Brett stated that she wrote by her husband's request, and she discharged herself of the task imposed upon her with grave politeness, not unmingled with compassion. One would never arrive at anything like an accurate comprehension of one's fellow-creatures if one did not give some of them credit for a total lack of sympathetic feeling; so it is perhaps only

justice to Lady Brett to assume that she had no idea of how very galling her compassion must needs be to its subject.

"George," said she, "tells me that, after the way in which you have spoken to him, he cannot consent to hold either verbal or written intercourse with you again. I am truly sorry for this; but you will not expect me to say that I think him in the wrong, and you know how firm he is when once he has made up his mind. It would be useless for me — even if I could feel it right or wise — to dispute the decision to which he has come, and to which, as I understand, you have given your consent; yet I may say that I cannot but regret, for your sake, the necessity of such a decision. There is, indeed, much in the events of the last year which fills me with sadness when I look back upon them; but I never presume to judge others, and I doubt not that all will be overruled for good.

"George wishes me to say that, while he will not absolutely forbid correspondence between you and your son, he thinks that you should not write or receive letters very frequently. He suggests that I should let you hear once a month of Willie's health and progress with his studies, and this I will willingly do if you desire it. It is not, I hope, necessary for me to add that we shall spare no pains to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of our nephew, who is dear to us for his father's sake as well as his own."

Probably most mothers would have been irritated by promises of that description; but some, perhaps, reflecting that half a loaf is better than no bread, would have accepted Lady Brett's offer of a monthly report. Marcia unhesitatingly declined it. In a curt reply which she dashed off and posted upon the impulse of the moment, she declared that nothing was more revolting to her than humbug, that she preferred the open enmity of Sir George Brett to the canting hypocrisy of his wife, and that it would give her no satisfaction at all to hear about Willie through either of them. Her state of mind, in fact, was very much that of a spoiled child who, having been thwarted, takes refuge in the time-honored retort of "I don't care!"

Marcia was very anxious to persuade both herself and those who had wounded her that she didn't care. She had made her choice; she intended to abide by it, and she intended to be happy. Perhaps when they saw her name mentioned daily in the columns of the *Morning Post* and

discovered that London society was as ready as ever to open its arms to her they would understand that she could get on very well without them. But it so fell out that no such mortifying discovery was made by the offending persons; for the reporters of the *Morning Post* could not record Marcia's presence at entertainments to which she had not been invited, nor did society show itself as hospitably disposed towards Mrs. Archdale as it had once been towards Mrs. Brett. The general feeling was that her case was really a little bit too scandalous. During the previous season she had made herself talked about in connection with her present husband; she had been separated—doubtless on that account—from her late one, and of course there were plenty of people who knew for a fact that she had driven that unfortunate man to despair and suicide. Such things may be forgotten in a year or two; but it is pushing audacity rather far to reappear instantly in the character of a bride and to expect recognition. Consequently, not a few influential ladies found it convenient to ignore the circumstance that Mr. Archdale was no longer a bachelor, and addressed invitations to his club in which no mention was made of his wife. This was a cruel blow to Marcia; yet she could have borne it better if her husband had seen fit to decline the invitations. But he could not, or would not, see that it was incumbent upon him to do anything of the sort.

"What," he asked, "is the use of taking it for granted that our friends wish to snub us? The chances are that they have never heard of our marriage, and very likely they never will hear of it if I don't tell them. Besides, even supposing that they do intend to mark their sense of the impropriety of our conduct, we shall gain nothing by sulking. That sort of thing has to be lived down, and the best answer that one can possibly make to a slight is to take no notice of it."

Whatever this reasoning may have been worth, the process of acting upon it bore no immediate fruit. Mr. Archdale went out almost every night, but Mrs. Archdale continued to be neglected; and that this was not the result of mere inadvertence was made manifest to her when she encountered former acquaintances in the streets or in the Park; for as often as such encounters took place these former acquaintances failed to see her. She was unfortunate also in losing the moral support of Lady Wetherby, whose only daughter had been taken ill with scarlet fever,

and who was therefore unable to come up to London as usual.

The latter circumstance, however, was so far serviceable to Marcia that it eventually provided her with a decent excuse for escaping from what she was beginning to feel an intolerable situation. She was made miserable by her husband's evident capacity for enjoying himself apart from her; she was often tormented by jealousy; yet she could not but see the risk of forcing him to spend his evenings at home against his will. It was not unnatural that she should desire to turn her back upon a mode of life which was neither curable nor endurable, and one morning at breakfast she joyfully informed her husband that she was going down to Wetherby for a week or so.

"Laura has consented to let me help her in amusing poor little Evelyn, who is now convalescent," she said. "I had scarlet fever when I was a girl, so that I have no fear of infection, and I shall be only too thankful to get away from London."

At first Archdale would not hear of his wife's running such a risk; but it was a task of no great difficulty to persuade him that the risk was in reality a very slight one. He was still more or less in love; he was certainly as fond of Marcia as he could be of anybody, and he was probably sincere when he declared that he would feel wretchedly forlorn during her absence. Nevertheless, her determination to quit the scene of her fiasco was something of a relief to him; for he knew, although he did not choose to admit it, that one of those feminine coalitions had been formed against her which are irresistible while they last. On the following day, therefore, he took leave of her at King's Cross with so much cheerfulness and resignation that she was within an ace of changing her mind and abandoning her journey at the last moment.

But as soon as she was fairly off she was thankful that she had not yielded to so unwise an impulse. She did not want him to think her jealous and exacting; she believed in her heart that she had as yet no cause to be so, and she was in hopes that, although her lost prestige could not be regained in London, it might to some extent be restored to her when people should have had time to see that she was still upon terms of intimacy with Lady Wetherby. Moreover, she had a hankering after the honest and loyal sympathy of Laura, upon which the experience of former years led her to count in advance.

It so happened, however, that her friend was at that moment rather in a position to require sympathy than to offer it. For the first thing that Lady Wetherby said to her on her arrival was, "My dear Marcia, I am not at all sure that I ought to let you into the house. Evelyn is recovering very quickly, but of course she is just in the most infectious stage, and now poor Wetherby has caught the fever; so I shall be obliged to leave you to take care of yourself nearly all day, and you will have a dreadfully dull time of it independently of the danger."

"I don't mind the dullness and I don't believe in the danger," answered Marcia. "I am sorry about Lord Wetherby, though. Is he very bad?"

"No; the doctor says he is going on as well as possible; but I can't help being a little anxious. It is very good and kind of you to come to me at such a time."

If Marcia's motives for paying this visit had not, in the first instance, been of a purely unselfish order, she began at once to behave as though they had. During the next few days she made herself really useful by entertaining the convalescent child, and her efforts had at least the happy result of renewing a friendship which had been in some danger of coming to an end.

"I did think you rather heartless, Marcia," Lady Wetherby confessed, when she found time for a quarter of an hour's confidential talk with her former school-fellow. "Not on account of your having married again so soon, for that, after all, was only a breach of conventionality; but I couldn't understand your consenting to hand your boy over to his uncle and aunt."

"Did you imagine that I had any choice in the matter?" asked Marcia. "Eustace made Sir George Willie's guardian; my consent to the arrangement wasn't requested, and my refusal wouldn't have been listened to. Of course it has made me very miserable, and I did manage to see Willie once, and then Sir George declared that he would throw up his guardianship if such a thing occurred again. Perhaps you will say that I ought to have been only too glad to take him at his word. But that would have implied a great deal. It would have implied depriving Willie of a large fortune; for, as matters stand at present, his uncle means to leave him everything. And besides that, it would have implied unhappiness and discomfort for my boy as well as for my husband. He does not like Cecil and Cecil does not like him. They never

could have got on together. In fact, Cecil told me as much; he said that if Willie were to live with us he should go away as soon as the holidays began."

Lady Wetherby drew in her lips. "I must say that I think that was very selfish of Mr. Archdale," she remarked.

"Yes, perhaps; but all men are selfish. You see, Laura, it just came to this — that I had to please either myself or my husband. Do you think I was wrong in giving my husband the preference?"

Lady Wetherby was decidedly of opinion that Marcia had done wrong, and that her way of putting the case was rather ingenious than ingenuous; but it seemed a little cruel to say so. Moreover, she could not but believe that her friend's heart must be in the right place, by reason of the latter's kindness to Evelyn. So she was contented to reply, —

"One can't lay down general rules or judge for other people. I don't think that I myself could have acted as you have done; but I quite see that you were placed in a very difficult position."

Of that qualified approval Marcia had to make the best; and indeed she was very glad to obtain it, for she was now more than ever convinced of the desirability of retaining Laura's friendship. Laura, and nobody else whom she knew of, could cause doors which had been shut in her face to fly open once more; Laura, for all her quiet, unpretending manners, knew how to snub ill-natured and censorious persons. Finally, Laura alone could claim to know at first hand circumstances which had probably been exaggerated or misunderstood by others.

But a deplorable stroke of fate was to render all the friendly offices to which Marcia looked forward impossible of execution. Lord Wetherby's illness, which had been running its course quite favorably, became suddenly complicated by symptoms of an alarming nature; a great London doctor was telegraphed for; Malton was summoned home from Eton, and within two days everybody in the house knew that the sick man's sentence of death had been pronounced. During the week which followed, Lady Wetherby scarcely left her husband's bedside, and Marcia was occupied in taking charge of the two children, who were by way of not knowing — although, no doubt, they did know — the hopelessness of their father's condition. She naturally took the opportunity to make some inquiries about Willie of his schoolfellow; but Malton had not much to tell her. Brett, he explained, was



neither in his division nor in his tutor's house; he did see him every now and then, and believed that he was getting on all right. "Only I'm a dry-bob, you know, and he's a wet-bob. Somebody told me he could scull a bit; I don't know whether it is true or not."

Asked whether Willie appeared to be in good spirits, he answered, "Oh, yes, I suppose so," with a wondering sort of laugh, as though he thought the question a somewhat silly one.

Silly the question doubtless was, and still more silly was it of Marcia to feel aggrieved because her boy showed no outward sign of unhappiness. It was, however, necessary for her peace of mind that she should believe herself to be ill-used; so that perhaps Malton rendered her a service without intending to do so.

Poor Lord Wetherby sank gradually and died on the sixth day after the medical consultation. He had never achieved public distinction of any kind; but as he had been a good husband and a good father, he was more sincerely lamented than the general run of mankind have a right to expect that they will be. His widow and his children seemed to be inconsolable; and when people seem to be inconsolable, what better course can a wise and kind friend adopt than to leave them alone? This was the course which commended itself to Marcia, who was not urged to reconsider her decision.

"It is good of you to offer to stay with us, dear," said Lady Wetherby, who may have thought that her friend was not quite the person to sympathize with the loneliness of widowhood. "But I am sure you won't mind my telling you that we would rather be alone for the present. Later on, when I have had time to realize what has happened to me, we shall meet again, I hope. Just now I feel as if I couldn't speak to anybody except the children."

Nevertheless, the woman was so kind-hearted that in spite of her own troubles — or possibly in consequence of them — she was able to spare a thought for those of one who was almost a stranger to her. Her last words to her departing guest were, —

"Marcia, I can't help feeling distressed about poor Willie. It is sad enough for Malton and Evelyn to have lost their father; but they are not so badly off as he is, because as long as I live they will always have somebody whom they can depend upon when they are ill or unhappy. It isn't possible for any one to fill a mother's place; certainly uncles and

aunts cannot, however rich they may be. And I don't think either that anything can make up to a mother for the loss of her son — no! not even if she resigns him to please a husband whom she may imagine that she loves better."

"There is no imagination about it," returned Marcia quickly; for these words wounded her as only the truth can wound. "I do love Cecil better than Willie; if I didn't I never could have married him. I'm not like you; I can't control my affections; I can't say to myself, 'This is how I ought to feel and this is how I will feel.' Willie will learn to live without me, if he hasn't learnt already; but I can't live without Cecil, I can't even do anything to vex him. You may pity me as much as you choose for being what I am, but I don't see how you can fairly blame me; because it isn't in my power to be anything else."

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### MARCIA THROWS UP THE SPONGE.

IN declaring that it was out of her power to be anything except what she was, Marcia was perhaps giving utterance to a mere truism. There seems nowadays to be a tolerably widespread belief that our respective natures cannot be changed nor even greatly modified, that we are all blessed or afflicted with certain hereditary proclivities which are not of our choosing, and that although for the protection of the community at large it is necessary to maintain gaols and convict prisons, very little blame can fairly be laid to the charge of their inmates, whose skulls and features, as anybody can see for himself, present nothing but slight variations of two distinctive types. The theory of irresponsibility would be an exceedingly comforting one — except, of course, for the hereditary gaol-birds — if only we were able to believe in it; but unfortunately it is apt to be contradicted by the irrepressible voice of conscience, which tells us that we can overcome our natural tendencies if we choose, and indeed that that may possibly be the chief object of our sojourn upon the surface of this planet. Thus, Marcia, who had plenty of time for musing over things and persons during her journey southwards, did not quite succeed in persuading herself that the renunciation which Lady Wetherby deprecated had been inevitable. She did, however, persuade herself that she had displayed very great self-abnegation, and that conviction served her purpose almost as well.



"At any rate," she reflected, "Cecil must see how much I have given up for his sake, and perhaps he may feel that he ought to give up a little for mine." By which she meant that she hoped he would give up frequenting houses to which she was not thought worthy of being invited.

In any case, it was useless to lament over accomplished facts. For good or for ill she had made her choice and must now abide by it; the main thing, after all, was to be happy, and happy she fully intended to be. Her great fear—a fear so terrible that she shrank from facing it—was that her husband might grow weary of her, and that his volatile temperament might lead him to seek for pleasure and amusement elsewhere than by the domestic fireside. That there were solid grounds for that apprehension she could not but be aware, nor was her instinct at fault when it warned her of the dangers which are likely to be incurred when one of two married persons forms the habit of going into society without the other. Was not she herself an example of the results which may be expected to arise out of such a system?

Therefore it struck her as a good omen when, on reaching her destination, she caught sight of Cecil upon the platform. She had not asked him to meet her; but she had let him know the hour at which her train was due, and of course he had been informed of the sad event which had brought her visit to an end.

"This is a bad job about poor old Wetherby, isn't it?" said he, as soon as they had greeted one another with as much tenderness as was possible in that public place. "What is Lady Wetherby going to do?—I suppose there will be no change during the boy's minority, will there?"

"I really don't know," answered Marcia. "Laura said nothing to me about her plans; she has hardly had time to make any yet. I should think she will go on living at Wetherby for the present, anyhow."

"H'm!—and very likely she won't spend much of her time in London. Not that it would make any great difference if she did though; for, of course, she won't be entertaining yet awhile."

And as Marcia did not seem quite to see the relevance of this observation, he explained himself more fully while they were driving homewards. "It's a selfish view to take, I admit," said he laughingly; "but the truth is that poor Wetherby's death is rather a bad stroke of luck for us.

I had been counting upon her ladyship as a prop for you; because you see, my dear, you do stand a good deal in need of a prop just now."

"Why do you say that?" asked Marcia quickly. "Has anything disagreeable happened?"

"Oh, no; only there are indications that the atmosphere is rather highly charged with prejudice. You yourself noticed it before you went away, you know. However, as I told you then, it may be lived down, and I hope it will be."

His tone was not particularly hopeful, nor was Marcia reassured by this prompt introduction of a subject which occupied so large a share in her own thoughts. She said at once that she did not care a pin whether she was cut by a lot of tiresome people or not, that she wished to live for him and for him alone; to which declaration he responded after the only fashion that was open to him.

But it very soon appeared that, whatever Mr. Archdale's intentions with regard to his future mode of life might be, that of abandoning the society of persons who chose to turn their backs upon his wife was not included amongst them. He dined at home that night, but went out immediately afterwards, saying that he had to look in at two or three houses, and on the following morning casually mentioned that for another week to come there would be no need to take account of him in ordering dinner. "I didn't expect you back so soon," he said half apologetically, "and I expect most of these people who have asked me to dine thought you would be out of town."

Marcia did not believe that they had thought anything of the kind; but she contrived by dint of biting her lips to repress the complaints which she was sorely tempted to utter. Whether she would have been able to repress them long may be doubted; but fortunately the next few days brought her several invitations, so that she began to feel somewhat encouraged. Perhaps the ladies who were good enough thus to favor her had heard that she had been staying with Lady Wetherby, or perhaps Archdale, who was not inordinately proud, had boldly asked them to ask his wife. Either way, Marcia was satisfied, hoping that she had now introduced the thin edge of the wedge, and that she would soon be as much sought after as she had ever been.

That hope was not fulfilled. Her hostesses accorded her a very chilling recep-

tion; the former acquaintances whom she met at their houses contented themselves for the most part with bowing to her and passing on, while those who did speak to her assumed an air of patronage and commiseration which was rather worse than downright rudeness. Amongst these was that Mrs. Delamere who, it may be remembered, had once caused Eustace Brett to spend some unhappy moments at a dinner-party, and who, indeed, was usually actuated by an amiable wish to make her neighbors unhappy.

"I have been asking everybody what had become of you, Mrs. Archdale," she said; "but no one could tell me. I really began to think that you must be a myth."

"I have been staying down in the country with friends," answered Marcia; "I only returned home a few days ago."

"Oh, was that it? Well, I thought you couldn't be in London unless your tastes had undergone a complete change. As for Mr. Archdale, he has been very much *en evidence* of late—very much indeed."

Marcia knew perfectly well that the woman meant to be ill-natured and that the best way of disappointing her would be to ask no questions; but it is not easy to resist asking a question to which one is very desirous of obtaining an answer.

"In what way?" she inquired.

"Principally in that way," replied Mrs. Delamere, laughing and pointing with her fan to Archdale, who was waltzing with a pretty little fair-haired woman; for it was at a ball that this conversation took place.

"Cecil is a very good dancer, and, like all good dancers, he is fond of dancing," remarked Marcia calmly.

"Is he really? Then I wonder why he dances all night and every night with Mrs. Dynely, who can't dance a bit. I suppose she must possess some other attraction. She is certainly pretty, don't you think so?"

There was no denying the prettiness of the little fair-haired lady. Marcia asked who she was and received some more or less inaccurate information respecting her. But in truth it signified little enough whether she was good or bad, married or a widow; what nobody could help seeing was that Cecil was making himself very agreeable to her and that she was giving him every encouragement to do so. Having made that discovery, Marcia would doubtless have done well to rest satisfied, or dissatisfied with it and to change the subject; but jealousy is one of those distressing maladies which always crave a

further supply of their cause, and Mrs. Delamere was very glad to relate how Mr. Archdale and the frisky young matron with whom he was dancing had latterly become inseparable.

"Of course you know what he is, though," she concluded, with a laugh. "He is delightful, but quite incorrigible, and, as I have often told him, it is only his fickleness that is the saving of him. I never was more astonished in my life than when I heard that he had actually committed matrimony."

Marcia made one of the retorts to which such observations obviously laid the speaker open; but it was not particularly effective. Mrs. Delamere, having scored a point, was naturally anxious to score another before she ceased playing; so she went on,—

"By the way, I must congratulate you upon your son's good luck. Lady Brett was telling me the other day that they have adopted him—which, I presume, means that he will come into all his uncle's money. It must be rather a grief to you to be parted from him; still one can't refuse offers of that kind, and of course you will always be able to see as much of him as you wish."

"If Caroline spoke to you about the matter," answered Marcia, "she certainly told you that that is just what I shall not be able to do. I don't know whether you care to hear the truth or not; but the truth is that Sir George Brett is my son's sole guardian and that Sir George and I have quarrelled. Under the circumstances, your congratulations sound a little ironical to me, though I have no doubt that they are kindly meant."

She did not shake off Mrs. Delamere quite as easily as she could have done a twelvemonth earlier, because she was not now, as she had been then, within reach of a score of persons who asked nothing better than to talk to her; still, by walking resolutely away, she managed to effect her escape, and soon afterwards she begged her husband to take her home, pleading fatigue and a headache. It was allowable, she thought, to make the request, but it would be a sad mistake to let him know her reason for having made it. She therefore heroically abstained from saying a single word about Mrs. Dynely for quite two minutes after they had left the house, when temptation got the upper hand of her and forced her to remark,—

"You didn't seem to be very fortunate

in your partners to-night, Cecil. At least, every time that I saw you, you were struggling round the room with that flaxen-headed woman, who moved as if she had two wooden legs."

"Do you mean Mrs. Dynely?" asked Archdale. "Well, I suppose she isn't exactly what one would call a first-rate performer, but she talks better than she dances. All things considered, I don't complain of her as a partner. I have met her pretty often of late and we have hit it off rather well together."

"So I hear," observed Marcia dryly.

"You have no objection, I hope?"

"Oh, no; there wouldn't be much use in my objecting, would there? Only don't you think it is a little soon to—to begin that kind of thing?"

"My dear child," exclaimed Archdale in a vexed tone, "this is really too ridiculous. Some good-natured lady has been taking away my character, I suppose; but you might have known better than to believe her. I'm sure I don't care if I never set eyes on Mrs. Dynely again; still, one must talk to somebody when one goes to a party, and unfortunately I can't talk to you the whole time—though that is what I should prefer to do."

"I know I'm very silly, Cecil," said Marcia, whose tears had begun to flow, in spite of all her efforts to keep them back, "but you would forgive me if you knew what a horrid evening I have had. I was sure I should hate coming back to London, and it is a thousand times worse than I ever thought it would be! *Must* we go on living here?"

Archdale evaded returning any direct answer to this question, because he did not wish to make hasty promises which might be quoted against him at some future time. However, he said a great deal that was kind and pretty and comforting to his wife, who had partially recovered her spirits before she reached home.

Nevertheless, her longing to leave London increased as time went on; for the evening which has been described proved to be more or less typical of what she might now expect. It is true that not all the ladies whom she met were as ill-natured or as outspoken as Mrs. Delamere; but they all contrived to let her see that she did not possess the privilege of their esteem, and existence without popularity was almost as intolerable to her as continuous physical pain. Not by such social pleasures as were open to her under these sadly changed conditions could she

hope to obtain that happiness and oblivion of which she had dreamt. Moreover, there were other reasons which caused her to shrink from London as a place of residence. First and foremost, there was the misery of knowing that Willie would often be within reach of her, that she might even meet him face to face in the street; then, too, there was the question of expense. She and her husband had enough to live upon in comfort, but not in luxury, and she very soon discovered that with regard to money matters Cecil was as reckless and improvident as any school-boy. He was given to hospitality and lavish in the exercise of it; he did not seem to understand the need for fixing the limit to weekly expenditure, and he looked incredulous and annoyed when he was reminded that his wife's income was not inexhaustible, while his own was somewhat precarious.

"Oh, if one can't live as one's neighbors live, one may as well cut the whole concern," he said impatiently one morning.

Marcia seized her opportunity. "I wish you would!" she exclaimed. "Our money would go three or four times as far in Italy as it does here, and we could always run over to London for a few weeks when you wanted to see your friends, and you hate England in winter; you have often told me so."

Archdale laughed. "In other words, England has become hateful to you at all seasons of the year," he remarked.

Nevertheless, he was not unwilling to gratify this whim of Marcia's. It was quite true that he detested cold weather and grey skies. He likewise detested compulsory work, the necessity for economy, and the sight of a discontented face; so that he felt capable of doing a good-natured thing in order to spare himself such discomforts. Marcia's gratitude was as great as her joy when he suggested that they should repair to Venice in the autumn, with a view to making for themselves a permanent home there.

"You are too good to me, Cecil!" she cried. "If only I may live out of England, I won't grumble at having to come back for a time every now and then."

"Oh, for the matter of that, I might come without you," answered Archdale cheerfully and perhaps a trifle imprudently; "I don't think I'll give up my rooms and the studio, you know. I suppose I shall be obliged to be in London sometimes; but I wouldn't for the world drag you here against your will."

From The Nineteenth Century.  
CHARLES THE TWELFTH: A MEMOIR.  
BY THE KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

THE fame of Charles the Twelfth now stood at its meridian. Thousands upon thousands of people gathered round his headquarters solely to obtain a glimpse of him. He was accessible to every one; he listened to everybody's counsel; but he showed himself impervious to all false representations, obdurate to all blandishments. From one person only did Charles recoil. This was the lovely Aurora Königsmark, notorious for her *affaires d'amour*, who was despatched on behalf of Augustus to save the throne of her royal protector. Indeed, the conditions of peace offered at Alt-Raustadt, as well as events connected therewith, remind us in more than one respect of Travendal. The capital of the foe lay open to Charles's victorious regiments, but he did not let them enter. Perhaps he feared a *Capua* for his warriors. For himself he desired no gain of territory nor any material compensation except sustenance for his troops. It may be argued that he carried his unselfishness too far, but chivalrous his conduct must at all events be called. The conditions to which Augustus was called to subscribe were: the acknowledgment of Stanislaus, the recall of all auxiliary troops from the Russian army, a promise to grant perpetual liberty of religion to all Lutherans in Saxony, the release of the Sobieski princes and all Swedish deserters, among them pre-eminently the unhappy Patkull. On the other hand, Augustus was to retain the title of king whilst Charles pledged himself to protect his crown lands, and to assist him in obtaining favorable conditions of peace from the czar. It would have been happier for the vanquished if he had known how to appreciate Charles's reasonable demands, and by faithfully fulfilling his pledges understood his own advantage. But although Charles, upon the conclusion of peace, buried past injuries in oblivion, and showed him the sincerest friendship, Augustus only brooded upon revenge and treachery, and, it is even said, attempted to remove his confiding guest by assassination. Fortunately this plan, if entertained, was frustrated.

At this period of Charles's life we are compelled to refer to the regrettable trial and punishment of Patkull. And truly this must be considered a page in the history of Charles which cannot be read with satisfaction. We should most certainly,

however, not forget that the ideas of those times were different from our own, and, moreover, that the punished man was not only a traitor to his country, but one of the most dangerous and daring enemies of the land that bore him and of the authority to which he owed obedience. And yet, if any one is to be blamed, the conduct of Augustus is far more to be stigmatized than that of Charles; for, in order to ingratiate himself with his conqueror, the former caused Patkull to be arrested, although the actual envoy of the czar at the Saxon court, and although treated with the greatest distinction.

But let us turn from the scaffold to more pleasing scenes. Among them must in the first instance be reckoned the enormous enthusiasm with which Charles and his Carolingians were greeted by the Protestants in Saxony and Silesia, whom they came to protect. When the army, after more than a year's inactivity, broke up from its quarters in the first-named country, the regiments were followed for miles by the population, manifesting in the most demonstrative way their sorrow at the departure of our good-natured and staunch soldiers, in whom they had found experienced and willing hands to assist in their manifold rural pursuits. In Silesia, too, the inhabitants were jubilant and grateful, for through a resolute, and even threatening, attitude towards the court of Vienna, Charles had succeeded in gaining full freedom of religion for that province. And when during the progress the Swedes assembled for worship, and king, marshals, officers, and men humbly bent their knees to God, thousands upon thousands of voices, long silenced through tyranny, joined in prayer, and thousands upon thousands of unfettered hands were raised to heaven in praise of the noble Swedish king and his race. Infants joined in the prayer with their little hands clasped, women with men; and it may easily be conjectured, says a gifted historian, who the hero was towards whom the tearful gaze of the populace was directed in worship when army and people joined in the old psalms!

Moments like these remind us of the great Gustavus, the champion of the Protestant faith, and they must be reckoned as the most beautiful in the life of Charles.

The army with which the king at last took the field to attack his most dangerous enemy was about forty-four thousand strong, and the best equipped with which he had hitherto opened a campaign. Not only the officers but even the privates had

saved considerably, and the regiments possessed treasures of great value, some, we are told, amounting to as much as 10,000*l.* in current money. But in another respect this army had sustained irreparable losses. A portion of the old seasoned soldiers and many of the non-commissioned officers had obtained furlough, and were but ill replaced by young raw recruits. Amongst those in higher command, several of the most distinguished of the king's early friends, such as Arvid Horn, Magnus Stenbock, Nieroth, Liewen, and others, had returned home in order to assume the duties of councillor of state or other posts of importance. Thus the number of tried generals had diminished, whilst at the same time the ranks of the old chosen troops had been thinned. Of those in higher command, Field-Marshal Rhenköld alone remained, and his influence was the more felt because it was unopposed. Even Count Piper, who was in the king's confidence more than any other person, was supplanted. By the side of Rhenköld some younger favorites certainly arose — as, for instance, Major-Generals Lagercrona and Axel Sparre; but, however brave, these inexperienced men could not exercise any real influence over the direction of the war. Sometimes, too, it must be said, their influence was injurious.

The campaign which now commenced in the east was not distinguished by any rapidity of action. Towards the end of the year 1707, the king left Poland and Stanislaus; the former he left forever; the latter he never saw again, except as a refugee in a foreign land. General Crasow, with eight thousand men, mostly recruits, was left to guard the Polish king, and they soon became the only trustworthy support of his throne. Charles at length decided to turn against the czar with the main body, which consisted of not more than thirty-three or thirty-four thousand troops. General Adam Ludvig Lewenhaupt, who had defended Liefland and Courland with distinction during the preceding campaign, was to bring to the king from the north all his available troops, about ten thousand men. These joint forces were considered the smallest with which an invasion of Russia could be attempted. The czar, who was in Lithuania, took so few precautions that he was nearly made prisoner at Gródno, and only escaped by sacrificing his rear guard. Anger at this may have strengthened him in his purpose, that in future he would avoid an open battle, and, instead, merci-

lessly lay waste the land between himself and the Swedes during his retreat. Charles, who was accustomed to a different and more chivalrous mode of battle, could scarcely curb his impatience. Now, as ever, he set an example to his soldiers of courage and self-denial; but he, as well as the whole army, discovered day by day that they were waging war with a more dangerous foe. A new decisive moment was approaching in the history of Sweden. The army had late in the year taken possession of bad winter quarters in the vicinity of Minsk, their headquarters being at Radoscowicz, and in the spring of 1708 very hot weather set in, causing illness among the troops to a dangerous extent. To remain was impossible, and to retreat was not consistent with Charles's temper, or, as a matter of fact, with that of any one else. "Forward" was the watchword, but whither?

Three routes might be chosen. The northern, the goal of which was St. Petersburg, lay through Lewenhaupt's quarter, *via* Pleskow and Nowgorod, and here Charles could soon join hands with Lybecker's division, which could make an attack on the new city of the czar from the north.

The eastern route, the goal of which was Moscow, lay across immense bogs and the ravaged Podlesia, *via* Smolensk. This was the road chosen a century later by Napoleon.

The third, or southern route, the goal of which would also finally have been Moscow, Charles from the commencement had hardly thought of. His previous lines of march entitle us to treat this as almost certain, particularly as, at a meeting with Lewenhaupt in the spring, he had issued orders for the junction of the two armies. It was the Cossack hetman Mazzeppa, who held out brilliant promises of support from powerful, free, and warlike tribes, suggested a rich district as a seat of war tempting to hungry troops, and thus first directed the king's eyes in this direction.

Which course became the sword of Brennus that weighed down the scale of fate? The question is one not easily answered, but it may be emphatically asserted that all the fierce blame heaped upon Charles for his decision is not warranted.

Let us remember, in the first place, that at the time he had but a choice of evils. Wherever he turned he necessarily encountered danger.

Eight eventful years had passed since



the battle of Narva. The right moment to compel Russia to conclude an immediate peace had been lost, never to recur. St. Petersburg had been founded and provinces lost; the plans of the Russian autocrat had matured; his troops had become seasoned by six campaigns against armies whose bravery was greater than their numbers; and finally Charles found himself far from his original base of operations, whilst not a few in his army began to grow tired of the endless wars and privations. Many consider that the army ought to have been brought back to its original position in Liefland, and the campaign next directed against St. Petersburg, supported on the left wing by the Finnish Gulf. But the march to the coast was partly a long and risky one, in flank of, and near to, the enemy, and through tracts impoverished by the wars; and partly, the fortresses on which the army could lean were already in the enemy's hands or closely besieged. There are others again who complain that Charles did not take the direct route to Moscow. But these critics forget the enormous difficulties to be encountered, of having during the floods in the spring to wade through broad streams and traverse immense bogs with an army which, on such a long march through ravaged tracts, was obliged to carry with it all its requirements.

Few have approved of the march southwards in Ukraine. There was, however, some justification for this fatal step. Charles now began at last to be convinced of the impossibility of *singly* extorting the much-desired peace from a neighbor whose strength he could not crush. He needed allies, and Mazeppa's offer must therefore have been very welcome to him. Political reasons induced him to accept it. But from this moment there was also an end to the freedom of his strategical movements. *Necessity* pointed with an unerring hand to those steppes where his glory should fade. Not without hesitation did Charles follow its dictates, but the resolution once formed was carried out with a rapidity which would have been in better place during certain earlier phases of this campaign. Lewenhaupt was ordered to join the main force. He was close at hand, but it seemed that the order was not received in time, and this has been ascribed to Rhenköld's jealousy.

The king only waited three days, and then began his march southwards. He started thus without the reinforcements which were so much required, and this

was the source of great reverses. During the march to Mohilew and Ukraine victory at times shone upon the Swedish arms. The battle of Holofzin is memorable beyond others, both through the masterly arrangements and remarkable courage displayed, which, both combined, wrested the victory from the hands of a superior force, which had the advantage of position. The cavalry charge at Malatitza, too, was as honorable and successful as it was sanguinary. However, the enemy continued to plunder and retreat, whilst the Swedes by degrees began to tire and to starve. The hopes of falling in with Lewenhaupt and Mazeppa sustained their courage in the beginning. But, alas, they were doomed to disappointment. Lewenhaupt, whose march was hampered by the heavy stores he was bringing, was attacked by the superior forces of the czar, which were thrown between the Swedish armies, and though he saved his honor, he was compelled to sacrifice these valuable stores, so that when he actually did join the king he became rather a fresh anxiety than real help. Mazeppa's magnificent promises, too, proved the more empty the nearer the goal was approached. His rich and fertile provinces had been ravaged by the Russians, the greater part of his Cossacks hesitated at the decisive moment, and even the lavish promise of an alliance with the Tartars of the Crimea came to nothing. Closer and closer an unkind fate seemed to draw its chains of armor around Charles and his Swedes. An extremely severe winter cost thousands of lives, a spring accompanied by heavy inundations followed, whilst contagious diseases raged among the regiments, already thinned by the incessant wars.

Hesitation, discord, and intrigue prevailed within the general staff. Surrounded on all sides by bodies of the enemy pressing closer and closer, the army moved onward with growing difficulties. It was nearing Pultawa, and soon commenced its siege. Here the Russians had amassed large stores, of which Charles hoped to gain speedy possession, as the town was but badly fortified. But the garrison was, on the other hand, just as strong as the Swedish army, and was led by a brave commander. In addition, the czar had amassed all his available troops in the vicinity of the fortifications for one decisive battle. He considered the time had at last arrived for victory, and he had indeed reason to think so. Probably he would have been disappointed in his hopes once more had not Charles's personal

vigor at this unlucky moment been weakened by a shot in the foot which compelled him for the first time to leave the command of the battlefield in other hands. Field-Marshal Rhenköld led the army at Pultawa, when meeting the Russian attack on the 9th of July, 1709. His conduct, as well before as during the battle, bore traces of irresolution, and this was the cause of the defeat. There were wanting cohesion in the preparations and clearness in the plans. Lewenhaupt, who was to command the infantry, was left without clear orders, and later on without support, whilst a considerable portion of the cavalry did not act at the appointed points; some regiments are even said to have wandered entirely astray. The artillery was not brought into action at all, it is said, through want of ammunition. At the moment when our infantry, after a hard fight, had at length succeeded in storming the Russian camp, the czar began to attack with his trebly superior main force, supported by the garrison of Pultawa, and thus settled the fate of the day in spite of the great bravery on the Swedish side. Rhenköld lost his temper, cursed, gave orders and counter-orders, and at last rode in blind fury right into the enemy's lines, and was taken prisoner. Most of the remaining generals also lost their heads entirely. Lewenhaupt, accustomed to independent command, kept his men best in order, although he, perhaps, least of all knew the plans or had received clear instructions. The memory of Pultawa is a sad one, but it is not dishonorable to the Swedish arms; on the contrary, our troops behaved themselves on this day as true heroes, sacrificed in tragic and noble majesty. But they did not fight with their wonted confidence. Charles's guiding form was wanting. He himself, often very near being taken prisoner during the mad battle, into the heat of which he threw himself when fortune seemed to desert his arms, disdaining death, at last gathered together the remnants of his beaten army and commenced the retreat in the direction of the Dnieper. Wounds, exhaustion, and grief unhappily weakened his mental and bodily strength, so that he did not observe the dangers of this road of retreat, and he never even made arrangements for crossing that broad river. Therefore the capitulation at Perewolotchna, which surrendered into the hands of the Russians the most famous of the renowned armies of Sweden, was rather due to the king's illness and the despondency of every one than to defeat. This despair

even went so far that proved warriors only saw, when too late, how little the pursuing Russians were in a position to renew the battle. With a prudence for which all honor is due, the czar succeeded in hiding from the Swedish negotiators the true state of his army; those who saw it were arrested. Even Lewenhaupt himself lost all strength of action. He convened a council of war, and, instead of commanding, asked the troops for advice, and this increased the general despondency. Here, perhaps, the intrepid Rhenköld would have been in his right place; but, alas, he was absent, and the fate of the unhappy army was sealed. Charles only with difficulty escaped being taken prisoner. Reluctantly he left his headquarters before the capitulation. He managed, accompanied by a few officers and men of his body-guard, to reach the opposite shores of the Dnieper on some oak timber, and, after many adventures, to escape in the steppes.

It was as a refugee that the kingly hero, before whom the great of Europe had but recently bowed in fear or admiration, set foot on Turkish soil. What a striking example of the instability of human greatness and success! But there is a kind of greatness which shines more brightly in trial when all seems lost and others despair. This greatness Charles the Twelfth possessed, and it raised him above his contemporaries. His despatches home to the regency announcing the misfortune afford the most striking proof of his firmness of character. They revealed no trace of despair or fear. "The loss is great enough, but the enemy shall not gain the upper hand or the least advantage," he says; it is only "necessary that we do not lose courage, nor leave the work undone," he afterwards adds, as if foreseeing the feelings with which the news of his defeat would be received at home. His dangerous wound he characterizes, in his letter to his sister, Ulrica Eleonora, merely as "a little compliment paid to his foot."

No one who had lost the belief in his lucky star could have employed such language whilst wounded and almost a solitary fugitive in a foreign land; and no one whose will and strength were broken could, in that foreign land, have been capable of creating and maintaining a position and an influence such as those gained by Charles the Twelfth with the Turks. History hardly boasts a parallel. The dreaded Carolingian army was annihilated, but, nevertheless, Sweden continued for some time to exercise so great a political

influence, and to inspire such fear, that when, in 1709, General Crassow returned to Pomerania with his small force, it was sufficient to prevent for a while all operations against the German provinces of Sweden. Meanwhile the kings of Saxony and Denmark unhesitatingly broke their recently concluded treaties, thus showing how little they deserved the generosity of Charles; whilst, as for Augustus, it was very easy for him to overthrow Stanislaus, who was forsaken by the fickle Polish nobility. But when Denmark attempted a *revanche* for the landing at Humlebäck, they found that Sweden still possessed vitality, her people patriotism, and her lieutenants skill. Posterity will remember with gratitude the name of Magnus Stenbock. Wisely turning to account the soldiers on furlough and the organization of the standing army, this remarkable man created from these materials, within a very short time, an efficient body of troops, and since the memorable day at Helsingborg on the 28th of February, 1710, a foreign hostile soldier has never trodden the soil of Scania.

The lengthy sojourn of Charles the Twelfth in Turkey has generally been criticised adversely, and has by many been stigmatized as the outcome of a self-willed nature, or even as political madness. The absence of the absolute ruler from his country, beset with dangers, was certainly deplorable and dangerous; but are we not entitled to assume that a deeper political idea was at the bottom of his five years' stay? The true interests of Turkey coincided with those of Sweden as regards Russia, the growth of which constituted a common danger; but, unhappily, now, as at a later period, a misfortune attended our alliance with Turkey, one power drawing the sword, when the other, after a long, irregular, and unsupported war, was compelled to lay down its blunted weapon. Shortly before the commencement of the great northern war the sultan had concluded peace with Russia; and now, after having left Charles to fight the giant singly for nearly ten years, and when his powerful aid could no longer be reckoned upon, Turkey prepared once more for war, and really commenced it, though after a year of hesitation. Unfortunately the war was but tamely carried on. It had already ended in a new peace before Magnus Stenbock, whose army was intended to extend to Charles a helping hand through Poland, had landed on the shores of Germany. But once the czar was almost on the brink of destruction when near

the river Pruth, surrounded by the superior army of the Turks, and there seemed no other choice than imprisonment or death. Inscrutable are the workings of fate! His rescue was due to the astuteness of a woman, and that woman, so it is said, was the daughter of a Swedish soldier whom the czar had elevated to be his wife! Her jewels bribed a mercenary grand vizier, and the czar obtained a free passage. Charles arrived too late in the Turkish camp, from which religious scruples hitherto seem to have kept him, and it did not mend matters that the sultan exiled his treacherous general. What was done could not be undone. Nor was it the fault of Charles that the help held out by the Crimean Tartars for the second time failed through the influence of Russian gold. Time passed in fruitless negotiations, hope faded, the friendship of the sultan cooled in the same proportion as the personality of Charles awakened the highest admiration amongst the confessors of Islam, and at length the troublesome guest received unmistakable hints to leave the country. When he refused on account of the conditions promised him not having been fulfilled, an open quarrel was at last inevitable, and the consequence was the so-called Kalabalik in Bender.

It was with reluctance that the Janischaris and the Tartars attacked the Swedish king, and they spared his life in the fight. Although these considerations do not diminish the glory of this feat of arms, it explains how the king with a few officers and recruits could for a whole day defend himself in his frail house against fourteen thousand men and forty cannon. At last he was obliged to quit it through fire, upon which he was immediately surrounded in the courtyard by overwhelming numbers and taken prisoner. But, even when he was conveyed from his burning headquarters to Demotica, his personal influence was still so great that a palace revolution was on the point of breaking out in Constantinople in his favor; and the sultan, in order to calm public feeling, was forced to reprove and dismiss the khan of the Tartars. A new war was within an ace of being declared against Russia, and if Charles, at last overcoming his religious scruples, had then taken the command himself, the course of events might have been different. However, Russian influence and the concessions of Peter prevented a breach of the peace; but it was on the point of happening; and we may fairly ask, "By what means could Charles,

after this, hope to inflict upon his powerful enemy greater injuries than by means of the sultan? How could his own exhausted country be better protected than by an attack from Turkey?" We must acknowledge that this was no erroneous calculation, but the great and fatal miscalculation lay in Sweden itself. Charles forgot, or rather did not know, that the Carolingian Sweden was passing away, and that a new spirit hostile to himself had arisen in its place. This was the power which really conquered him, and shook the unity that constituted the strength of the country, and which might even then have called forth allies in Europe.

It cannot, however, be denied that the general situation in our corner of the globe after the year 1709 was far from favorable to Sweden. The power of France was broken after the unfortunate campaign against the Spanish succession. What Prussia wanted was to be gained at the expense of Sweden. Even the ruler of England became, by being also elector of Hanover, a natural opponent to a country owning provinces round the mouth of the river Weser. As for Holland, where the czar had won personal influence by the promises of new commercial favors, that country could not be reckoned upon. Sweden stood, therefore, when even Turkey had deserted her, alone, dependent upon her own forces; and, in order to gather these once more, it was necessary for Charles to return.

We are, by the way, generally in the habit of looking upon this monarch as wholly a soldier. But this is a partial view of his personality. As soon as the din of battle ceased, whether in Liefland, Poland, Saxony, or Turkey, Charles, with an ardor which is simply astonishing, devoted himself to questions concerning the internal administration of Sweden, as well as displayed the most lively interest for native culture and art. For instance, one of the most remarkable acts ever penned by Charles, namely, the new statute of regulation for the Swedish chancellery, was worked out and signed in Turkey, and from his temporary chancellery there emanated also the ordinances relating to the embellishment of Stockholm, the continuation of the building of the royal palace, the support of *savants*, and many others. By the side of this unabated interest for the land which he, during his years of manhood, had never seen, we cannot, unfortunately, omit to notice, that ever since the defeat at Pul-

tawa he bestowed his confidence more and more upon foreigners. For instance, one Fabricius and a certain Müllern seem completely to have replaced Piper, who was a prisoner in Russia. This propensity continued even after the king's return to Sweden. At this period the gifted and astute, though unfortunate, Görtz was the most conspicuous amongst the king's foreign favorites, but several others were to be found in the army as well as in the chancellery, and they all contributed to widen the breach that was by degrees beginning to form between the king and his people.

The return of Charles from Turkey was at last determined upon in consequence of the journey of Stanislaus to him in order to communicate his voluntary abdication, the news of the capitulation of Stenbock at Tönningen, and, finally, through the unexpected intelligence of the convocation of the Estates without royal command, as well as the summons of Princess Ulrica Eleanora into the council of state.

Except in legends of olden times no parallel can be found to the ride which the king, with a few followers, then performed right across Europe. Avoiding the more busy roads and populated districts, chased by paid assassins, often without food or shelter, resting in the depths of forests during dark and chilly autumn nights, but never losing heart, never tiring, even when his most ardent followers sank down exhausted, he arrives, almost as if by a miracle, before the gates of Stralsund fortress at night on the 11th of November, 1714.

A thrill of delight shot through the land at the news of the unexpected arrival home of the king. Even the discontented took part in the rejoicings, whether from prudence or real enthusiasm. Hope once more returned, painting the future in the rosiest colors. Charles, too, came with faith and hope. But it soon became apparent that both sides were deceived. The country had suffered much through the wars and no less through internal discord. The greater part of Finland was lost after a brave defence; the two best and largest armies of the country were captive; no ally held forth a helping hand; the general cry was "Peace," and to it was joined the silent yet audible sigh, "Liberty." But the king had no ear for either of these wishes; where everything else was changed he alone remained inflexible. Now, as before, King Augustus was to be dethroned, St. Petersburg destroyed, the powers of the council of state

curtailed, and the aspirations after freedom that had arisen suppressed. But Charles did not succeed in this late struggle against the forces of the age. It wrought his ruin. The Sweden to which he returned was not the same which he had left. The men in whom he had put his faith in the happier days of the past were no longer true to him, whilst the people, although still idolizing his person, had ceased to approve of his form of government, and it was to maintain this that he was frequently compelled to use foreign tools. It has been assumed on good grounds that the reports of the distress in the land during the last years of Charles's reign were greatly exaggerated, but the fact of this complaint affords indisputable evidence of the ill-feeling which prevailed against the king's mode of government. Under such conditions absolutism became a great misfortune. Another power in the State by the side of the king might probably have brought about peace, and thereby many of the calamities that followed would undoubtedly have been averted.

Peace might, indeed, have been obtained very cheaply. Esthland and Ingermannland, together with St. Petersburg, had long since been taken, and had, of course, to be sacrificed; likewise Stettin, with the surrounding parts of Pomerania. Stralsund might be saved through peace, but could no longer be protected by arms, although the king personally directed its defence up to the end. Negotiations for a capitulation at last became necessary, and in a small brig, forced through huge masses of ice, Charles, who fourteen years before had left the coast of Sweden on board a powerful fleet to hurry from one victorious campaign to another, was conveyed home in danger of his life.\*

The German emperor, who wished to negotiate peace, had summoned a general council of the realm at Brunswick. Charles was invited in the capacity of a German prince of the empire. He declined, partly because he was now occupied with an alliance with France, who had made great promises, although unable any longer to give substantial support, and partly because King Augustus was invited to the congress, as Charles would not then have his right to the throne brought forward. Thus this opportunity for peace was also

neglected. For the second time the dice of war was recklessly thrown into the scale, and the discontented party in the country was not thereby diminished. Just as Charles at the battle of Narva undervalued his foreign enemies, so he now failed to gauge their power at home. The reasons were now, as then, to be found in the obstinate and self-willed disposition which temper and education had developed in this despotic ruler, and the natural consequences were the more to be deplored, as they were exaggerated by the power, genius, and force of his character.

When peace was rejected, war ought to have been waged on the most threatened frontier, viz., that of Russia. But a new idea was taking shape in the restless mind of Charles. This idea was no less than the conquest of Norway and its union with the Swedish crown. The war for carrying into effect this idea was Charles's last, and for this task he called up all the remaining forces of the country, and they were not as weak as has been asserted.

At the bidding of their beloved king, fresh men willingly joined the colors, and his third great army was formed. The king himself took up his residence at Lund. To Stockholm he never came. Discontent, which had chosen that city for its capital, seems almost with an invisible hand to have warned him away from the metropolis. Maybe it was repulsive to his noble nature to punish, and that he would rather put off the day of reckoning till happier times, when the voice of clemency could be obeyed without danger. Alas! the better times anticipated never came, whilst the defence of the eastern frontier still continued to be neglected, to the great advantage of the plans of Russia.

At Lund the king again gave many fresh proofs of his interest in peaceful callings and scientific research. He worked diligently with his new minister of finance, Baron Görz. He employed his time in improving the laws, and associated much with the illustrious *savants* Swedenborg, Polhehemm, Rydelius, and others, and his sojourn in the young university town must essentially have contributed to knit more firmly the tie between the educated classes of Scania and the Swedish crown.

The two campaigns against Norway bore the stamp of the same resolute bravery that distinguished all the exploits of the soldiers of Charles, but the successes were rather few. The climate, the nature of the country, the fierce inhabi-

\* By Captain Christophers, who for his intrepid conduct on this occasion was ennobled with the title of Ankarcrona (the "Anchor of the Crown"). The king landed near Trelleborg, in Scania, where a memorial marks the spot.



tants, with their strongly marked sense of independence, as well as the rawness of the king's troops, rendered their task highly difficult, and victory was always dearly purchased, sometimes impossible. Once the Swedes advanced so far as to pitch their tents on the mountain Egeberg, commanding Christiania, whence they threw a few shells over the fjord into the old fort of Akershus. This was in the year 1716, but want of provisions soon compelled them to retreat, and no particular object was attained by the whole campaign.

During the last years of this war of 1718 a new plan was adopted, which would take longer to execute, but which would be more likely to attain the purpose. The line of advance was to be that along the Christiania fjord, the forts encountered were to be taken, the ammunition seized and collected for the further movements of the army, and, finally, a powerful fleet was to maintain an undisturbed connection with the province of Bohus. Thus Charles the Twelfth commenced a work which, a hundred years later, by the same road, but in a different manner, was destined to be completed, to the happiness of both nations, and to the dawning of a new future for the Scandinavian North. We may well own, when the annals of one hundred and fifty years lie before us, that this last idea of Charles the Twelfth bore the stamp of *greatness*. The idea could not be greater, but it might have been carried out more easily, had Charles yielded to the demands of peace from Russia. To face two powerful enemies is always a hazardous undertaking, and one which, as experience has proved, may fail and cause ruin to greater powers than the Sweden of 1718.

In the autumn of 1718 Görtz had at last, after lengthy negotiations at Åland, succeeded in obtaining peace with the czar, who was now greatly disposed for it, in order to secure his new possessions in tranquillity. He hastened with the news to the king's headquarters. But the shot at Fredrikshald upset all calculations. It has never been disclosed how far this subtle and astute minister would have been able to gain his master's assent for the proposals of which he was the bearer when arrested on the Norwegian frontier. But when we take into account the character of the king, and consider how seldom Görtz, even in internal and financial questions, carried his views when they did not fully agree with those of his master, we doubt whether Charles would have

assented to them. However, this vague hope of a much-desired peace, and compensation in new conquests for what was lost, has cast an aurora in the dark sky on the closing night of the life of the hero of the North, and increased the poetical charm of Charles's eventful career.

The events of the era of liberty that followed, with all its excesses, errors, and party divisions, its *blasé* thirst for pleasure, its craving for gold, could not fail at last to cause a strong reaction of feeling in favor of the Carolingian era. The chivalrous but not always prudent king, whose ideas of Sweden were always those of greatness, as well as his incorruptible and simple soldiers, who followed him faithfully through victory or defeat, stood forth after a few decades in an almost supernatural halo. And more than a century passed before the Swedish nation was convinced that the bullet which, in the trenches before the Gyldeulöve redoubt, on the eve of that fatal day, had slain its idolized hero, was simply one fired haphazard from the enemy's lines in the dark. Suspicion and calumny, these sinister followers which have stood by the bier of several of our great kings, again appeared and raised their voices, poisoning the last days of some of the most honorable of Sweden's sons, and became the only reward for some brave foreigners who had risked their life and blood under the Swedish banner, and against whose fidelity no valid proof has ever been adduced.

When we Swedes contemplate Charles the Twelfth at the head of his "blue boys," it is essentially his unconquerable and dashing bravery that arrests our attention. But too often we forget his real strategical talents. They were, however, so great, that a Frederick and a Napoleon the Great, not to mention other famous generals and military authorities, have not hesitated to uphold them as of the first magnitude; and having now followed our hero to the end of his illustrious career, some words about him as a soldier will not be out of place.

Charles the Twelfth had enjoyed a careful military education, and under the clever Stuart diligently studied the art of war and fortification. He was therefore by no means unprepared for assuming the leadership of the Swedish army, and he was fortunate enough to have around him lieutenants tried in warfare, partly under Swedish and partly under foreign standards.

The views of the age, but, even more so, the temper and disposition of the king,

made him above everything else a prominent general of cavalry. Quickness of perception, rapidity of movement, vigor of attack—these are the three distinct features in Charles's character as a soldier. The Swedish cavalry became renowned not less for its rapidity of action and its superb service in the field than for its irresistible attack and formidable swords. Even the most prominent Prussian military authorities openly acknowledge that the cavalry of Charles the Twelfth was the model of Ziethen's and Siedlitz's regiment of horse, which at a later date became so famous. It was the delight of the king to be considered the most assiduous in reconnoitring and the foremost in the charge, and whilst the divisions of the Swedish army were stationed in different parts of Poland it often happened that Charles, with a few squadrons of cavalry, or perhaps only followed by his life-guards, made a forced ride for the relief of a threatened point or in order to reinforce some general, and joined unexpectedly in the attack. The cavalry at this period was the most important arm of the service in the armies of Europe. In the Swedish army in 1701 its strength amounted to sixty per cent. of that of the infantry, and when departing from Saxony the army numbered forty-four thousand men, twenty-five thousand of whom were cavalry. If we further bear in mind that a large proportion of the infantry was stationed at certain fortified places, we may safely say that the strength of the infantry in the field was less than that of the cavalry. A portion of the latter, particularly the dragoons, however, often rendered, as is well known, good service on foot.

The infantry, whose gun was as yet so inferior that this branch of the service could not be reckoned of the same importance as in after times, likewise grew in influence, and, during the commencement of the eighteenth century, our Swedish infantry was considered among the best in Europe. Its wall-like front made it feared, whilst its tactics, a work of the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, and tested during many a hard battle, won general approval. Charles the Twelfth was skilful in the use of this branch of the service. He inspired it with his faith in the infallible attack by the bayonet, which so often resulted in almost incredible successes, and which has survived up to the present. A great portion of the infantry continued to be armed with pikes, although they were done away with in most other Euro-

pean armies, and with this long weapon Charles essayed and won an extraordinary superiority over the light Polish and Russian cavalry. He never ordered the infantry to fire until the enemy was close up, so that the effect might be more deadly.

In person he fought at the head of his infantry at the landing in Seeland, at the scaling of the ramparts around Narva, at the crossing of the river Düna, at Holofzin, and in many other less known but not less sanguinary engagements. Like Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the Tenth, Charles the Twelfth thoroughly understood how and when the two arms might best co-operate and support each other with most effect. Among the cavalry, generally posted on the wings, were distributed small detachments of riflemen, who were by preference chosen from the rural regiments, which boasted the best shots. These severely harassed the enemy's cavalry, who, on seeing cavalry facing them, were unprepared for a well-aimed and effective musketry fire. Nor did Charles follow in any slavish manner the prevailing stereotyped order of battle; his martial genius scorned tactics which prevented him from taking instant and rapid advantage of the changing events of the day. We often find different forms of attack, for example at Narva, as well as the bold assaults at Klissow, Holofzin, and several other places. Similar independent tactics were employed by Stenbock at the battle of Gadebusch, and here the victory was won through the violence of the attack on the enemy's centre. The order of the infantry was generally six men deep, the order of the cavalry three lines deep. Charles did not entertain any special liking for artillery. However, this mistake, which he shared with most of the generals of that period, is explained by the fact that the guns of the day were very inferior and handled with difficulty, whilst their effect was small. In the army budgets of this period artillery does not figure at all, a proof of how little it was appreciated, and its function was as a rule restricted to bombarding the breastworks behind which the enemy's infantry sometimes sought protection. At Holofzin, the most skilfully prepared of Charles's battles, this service was employed more than usual, but the ammunition must have run short, if we are to believe contemporary reports; and for this reason the guns were left with the train and thus swelled the booty of the enemy. When the army broke up from Saxony in the year 1707, four light field-pieces were distributed to each regiment, but, as far as

I can discover, they were not made much use of. It is a pity that Cronstedt's clever improvement of material and mode of charging, which so essentially contributed to the victory at Gadebusch, were not made known to the king before the defeat at Pultawa and the loss of his whole army.

Swedish soldiers have never hesitated to follow a beloved and respected leader, but, like the French, they expect much of their officers, most of their generals. A personality more fitted than that of Charles the Twelfth to kindle the ardor of Swedish soldiers and to lead them to victory has never existed. Noble, just, severe towards himself, brave as a lion, he appeared to them almost like a supernatural being. At each victory won, the troops gained more confidence in him; with each danger in which he shared they became more hardened to work. Their enemies lost faith in their lucky star, and it was only when the bow was too tightly strung that the string finally snapped. The sensation of the Swedish soldiers after Pultawa was perhaps more one of surprise at having been beaten than of grief at their defeat.

We should travel too far if we were to mention the many daring exploits in which Charles himself was the foremost; neither is it needed. The memory of them is engraved on the heart of every Swedish soldier. None of us are able, without emotion, to picture him forcing his way alone through the gates of Cracow with his riding-whip, like a magic wand, or scaling the strong and uninjured walls of Lemberg at the head only of some hundred dragoons. Who has not read with wonder how on horseback he waded through or swam the swiftest rivers, sank into bogs and marshes, and how he ventured, almost alone, into the midst of the enemy's outposts, paying as little heed to a hailstorm of bullets as to the coldness of winter or to the heat of summer? Who has not admired such proofs of his contempt for death as that displayed to his men when, at the siege of Thorn, he refused to let the soldiers throw up ramparts for protection around his bombarded headquarters, because others could not enjoy a similar advantage; or when he rushed out of the burning house at Bender into the courtyard amongst the Janitscharies, seeking at least to die a soldier's death; or when, in Stralsund, he heard a shell burst close by the table where he was giving out his orders without even

turning round? Who must not honor the general that always shared the hardships of his soldiers, and who, in order that the lowest in the army might not suffer more than himself, carefully avoided headquarters in larger towns where he could enjoy the better rest and greater comfort, which he had fairly earned? And finally, who, with any knowledge of the Swedish character, can be surprised at the affection and veneration, bordering on idolatry, which were entertained for him by that army?

He was the last viking of the North, and he stands enveloped in the same halo as the heroes of the sagas. To tales of the heroic deeds of both the sons of Sweden listen with delight and pride to this very day.

But, although Charles the Twelfth was the object of so much affection from his soldiers, he did not possess the rare gift of at all times keeping his commanders together in harmony. The unhappy discord between Rhenköld, Piper, and Lewenhaupt has been already told, and several other examples might be cited. Arvid Horn, the most intimate friend of his youth, forsook his master and became leader of the opposition party at home; Stenbock, although faithful, pined away in the castle at Copenhagen, suspected by the king; Adam Ludwig Lewenhaupt shared the same fate as a prisoner in Russia; and when Rhenköld at last returned therefrom, he was but the shadow of his former self. The incessant wars sapped the energies and exhausted the ardor of Charles's best and most trusted men. In the end he stood alone in the midst of youthful soldiers, with only a few grey-headed officers and guards near him. He had not, during the progress of his campaigns, succeeded in moulding new great generals, capable of taking up the task left by those that succumbed under it. His power lay in his personality and faded with it. His life was like the light of a brilliant meteor, illuminating the heavens, dazzling the eyes, but followed by the heaviest darkness.

When, on that fatal day of December, the news of the king's death became known in the army, all ties of discipline and brotherhood-in-arms were immediately torn asunder. Men united for no worthier end than an ignominious retreat, the division of the war treasury between the commanders, parliamentary intrigue, and desertion. A sad reverse to Helsingfors and Anjala! Sad to confess, Charles

the Twelfth was not only gone, but he was *forgotten*. How different is the spectacle presented by the Swedish army after the battle of Lützen, when its regiments, also with greatly thinned ranks, guarded the remains of a hero king! How is this contrast to be explained? In this way undoubtedly. The spirit of Gustavus Adolphus survived after his death amongst his splendid successors and faithful pupils. This was *his* greatest merit and honor, and the sixteen years that elapsed from the time of his glorious death to the peace of Westphalia bear witness of the fact to a grateful posterity.

Charles the Twelfth gained friends; he had admirers, and even worshippers; but he was not capable of creating either political or military disciples, and his history must therefore lack the final chapter of disciples. Not without justice has Geijer pronounced these significant words over his grave: "It was a *closed* life." And we might add, "It was also the close of an eventful era in the history of our country." Its political and military golden age was now at an end; Sweden had ceased to be a great power. Very characteristic of the descent of Sweden from its political position, and the commencement of a new era, are the following words by a contemporaneous but obscure poet, Cederhjelm:—

King Charles just we buried, King Frederick  
now we crown,  
The dial of the Swedish clock has moved from  
noon to one.

But the darkest shadows of this picture should not be the last which arrest our attention. Brighter sides are to be found, and the more the purely *human* personality of our hero comes into the foreground the more the shadows fade.

Of the Swedish people it must be said that they have generally borne adversity steadfastly, and that in misfortune they have exhibited greater qualities than in prosperity. However, no Swede has ever met adversity with more stoicism than Charles the Twelfth; none ever remained so calm in prosperity and so undazzled by the temptations of success and glory. These qualities, although sometimes carried too far and to fatal lengths, must nevertheless be *admired*. They rested pre-eminently on a religious foundation. An earnest fear of God, a warm and ardent faith, as well as pure morals, were the fruits of a mother's care; they were well sustained and developed in manhood through an assiduous study of the Word

of God. The righteousness of his character scarcely ever failed to show itself. Even if we, from our modern point of view, should have wished for a softer temper on occasions, one cannot call Charles hard, far less cruel. Charges of cruelty have not been wanting, but generally they have emanated from by no means disinterested quarters, and they are still unproved. It is a fact that he had forbidden the employment of torture, even when the highest law officers of the realm advised it, and from this we may conclude that Charles was, in certain respects, more humane than his contemporaries. In contrast to many of the most eminent men of his age, he evinced the clearest unselfishness. Here, too, is a story which shows that Charles the Twelfth was not wanting in humor. Amongst those who prayed for exemption from one of the many descriptions were the gardeners in the park at the royal castle of Carlberg, and the governor seems especially to have endorsed their petition, under the impression that it would be granted at once, they being the king's servants. But in answer Charles's secretary writes: "His Majesty sarcastically remarked that 'it is better for the gardeners to prevent any *Russian* gardeners from coming over to attend to their gardens, which, from want of soldiers, might occur.'"

Charles the Twelfth has been called a misogynist, but this is unjust. He was far from entertaining such unnatural feelings. In the correspondence with his younger sister, Ulrica Eleonora, still extant, he shows on every page a true brotherly affection, which does not even desert him when "*Mon cœur*," as he called her, listened to his enemies, and with her name and rank strengthened the opposition party against her brother and lawful king. The ladies of the court are often mentioned in his letters with familiar or pet names, and he frequently sent them his greetings. Moreover, we have stories of his visits to Polish mansions, which depict in touching language the bearing of the thoughtful, simple, and almost bashful young king.

The news of the death of his eldest and most beloved sister, Hedvig Sofia, Duchess of Holstein, reached the Swedish camp a few days before the battle of Pultawa; but, as the king was at that time wounded, no one dared to communicate the sad intelligence, so as not to excite him, and he first knew of it after the crossing of the Dnieper. What all the great

misfortunes following one upon the other had not succeeded in effecting this tiding of sorrow did; Charles shed bitter tears, and did not speak to any one for a whole day. He therefore owned a deep love for his kin, and he could entertain affection even for women. But sensual desire seems to have been an utterly strange feeling to this singular warrior-prince. The seductive beauty of Aurora Königsmark made an altogether opposite impression upon him to that anticipated and intended.

To manly friendship his mind was very susceptible. Perhaps the most touching example of this is shown in his relation with the so-called "Little Prince," Max Emanuel of Württemberg, a warm admirer and faithful companion during adventurous fights and expeditions of many years. For his courtiers, body-guard, and servants he entertained sincere attachment and undisguised sympathy, although at times concealed by a somewhat severe exterior. Even towards his enemies he willingly showed forbearance, of which his placable conduct towards the opposition after his return from Turkey is proof. But if any one had ever incurred his deep displeasure through deceitful or dishonorable conduct he was difficult to soften, and his strong sense of right and wrong insisted upon a punishment which he regarded as proportionate to the crime. For this reason he refused the many petitions for the pardon of Patkull.

His mode of expression was brief and to the point, his orders plain, except at Pultawa, when the fever from the wound had reduced the strength and obscured the clearness of thought.

When his sword was sheathed, reading constituted his most favorite occupation. Besides religious works he delighted most in our ancient viking sagas and the classics, and during his lengthy stay in Turkey he became very fond of chess, a game in which he is said to have acquired extraordinary skill.

Much of what we know of the character of Charles the Twelfth entitles us to assume that, if he had succeeded in gaining for the country a happy peace, according to his own mind, he would in a more peaceful sphere have shone as brilliantly as in the storm of battle, and, if he had not been entrusted at such an early age with the dangerous sceptre of absolutism, and if he had not been carried away so far from home by the mighty tide of events, that his rule would have been as beneficial to the people, whose weal and woe Providence had entrusted to him, as through

glorious feats of arms and terrible calamities it proved to be the reverse.

Finally, let us glance at the external appearance of this remarkable man, the personification, as it were, of Swedish chivalry and nobility, as it is preserved in the statue reared to his memory in the heart of his birthplace, by the banks of the stream which roars round the foot of his sarcophagus.

The face bore the cast distinguishing the family of the house of Pfalz-Zweibrücken. No one who looks at the fiery, deep-blue eyes, the high forehead—the home of daring thoughts—the slightly aquiline nose, the marked, almost obstinate lines around the beardless mouth, could for a single moment doubt but that his was no ordinary personality. In direct opposition to a custom prevalent in an age from which he differed so widely in other respects, Charles never wore a wig from the time that he came of age. In that memorable moment when, outside Carlshamn, he stepped on board to set out on his long campaigns, he threw it overboard, and since then the auburn, but soon somewhat thinned, locks were free to wave above the high-born head. He was not above six feet in height, but he was well made and slight, whilst his body, which dissipation had not weakened, enjoyed unbroken health, and was able to sustain the most incredible privations and hardships. His diet was a simple one; he rested on straw after the exertions of the day. During his campaigns he only allowed himself a few hours' sleep a day, and he was often found at work again by his table at two o'clock in the morning. His dress was Swedish in cut and color. All of us are familiar with his blue coat, the turned-down collar, and the great smooth brass buttons, the buff waistcoat and black cravat, the rough felt hat and the high, heavy riding-boots with their huge steel spurs. Outward signs of his position and rank he never wore. No medal for valor or any order adorned his breast, but within was concealed the most precious gem, the pulsating, brave heart of a soldier, and in his hand gleamed the sword of which the Swedish order of the sword must be regarded as a precious symbol.

Such is the portrait of Charles the Twelfth. What renders it so captivating in Swedish eyes? What has made him so dear to memory throughout the whole land, in spite of all the misfortunes which attended his reign, in spite of the errors of which it is impossible to acquit him?



This is the reason: because, with his faults as well as his merits, Charles the Twelfth stands forth as a true son of his mother Svea. A mother willingly shuts her eyes to the errors of a son and keeps his failures a secret, but she testifies rejoicingly to his good and great qualities, delights in his successes, and is proud of his fame and glory.

The era of Charles the Twelfth is no more. A younger generation dwells in the land which saw these heroes born. It sometimes happens that succeeding generations depreciate what the preceding one hold great and dear. It is useless to deny that the drift of time changes many characteristic traits in a people; but as long as Sweden is free, as long as her sons do not forfeit the freeborn inheritance of their fathers, as long as nobility and manly courage, faith and virtue still reign in old Manhem, so long all that concerns "King Charles, the young hero" of our ballad, will be held dear and sacred by his countrymen.

On the 31st of August, 1859, another King Charles stood surrounded by some of the highest in the land in the cathedral of Riddarholmen, in the Carolingian vault, by the side of the open sarcophagus of his renowned namesake. A conscientious examination corroborated on this occasion how groundless were all the suspicions that our hero fell by the hand of an assassin. Let us thank God for the certainty that his life, so full of great deeds, had a better and, for him, more worthy ending.

I, too, was fortunate enough to be permitted to glance at the remains of this remarkable man, before whom Europe once trembled, and above whose blanched temples innumerable trophies float high up in the dome, so eloquent in their silence. The moment is as memorable as it was solemn, and the features of Charles the Twelfth are deeply impressed on my mind. Leave was given me to break off a leaf of the laurel wreath which shadowed his forehead and to cut off a lock of his hair, in remembrance of the day. To these treasures I can add two more symbolic of Charles, namely, one of the trusty swords with which he so often fought his way to victory, and his Bible, from the pages of which he derived those precepts that impart strength in all vicissitudes, and which are so beautifully expressed in the famous old war-cry of the Carolingians, "With God's help!"

OSCAR FREDRIK.

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#### NERO AND ST. BENEDICT.

AT first sight it might well seem that nothing could be more fantastic and arbitrary than the juxtaposition of two such names as those of Nero and St. Benedict; and, indeed, they serve as types of character and civilization which are opposed to each other by the most absolute antithesis. Yet there is one spot in Italy — a place which is of overwhelming interest on many different grounds — which brings before us in sharp and immediate contrast the memories of the Christian saint and of the Pagan emperor. That spot is Su-biaco.

The name of Nero has passed into a by-word upon the lips of mankind. He stands forth to early Christians, on the page of the Book of Revelation, as the wild beast from the sea, couched upon the Seven Hills, and wallowing in the blood of the saints, whose name in Hebrew characters gives us six hundred and sixty-six — the mystic number of the Antichrist. He stands forth on the page of history as the man in whose person the imposthume of Cæsarism came to its head. His records are among the *pièces justificatives* of the progressive triumph of the Gospel over the deeds of darkness and the passions of dishonor, which found in him their most cynical and shameless representative. We see in him "the dregs of Epicurus;" the product of Paganism in its vilest decadence; the outcome of an age which St. Paul portrayed in such lurid colors on the first page of the Epistle to Romans. He gave to mankind the spectacle of a "deified *gamin*," utterly worthless and utterly corrupt, yet endowed with all the riches and splendor of the world, and enthroned upon the dizziest pinnacle of its adoration. He was the crowned helot who, for the warning of all time, showed to what abysses of degradation a human soul can sink in the attempt to live without a conscience; in insolent defiance of every precept of the natural and moral law, having no hope, and without God in the world.

St. Benedict, on the other hand, marks a culminating point in that crisis of the Church's existence when, having converted the Roman Empire, she herself began to incur the peril of corruption; and when, in the rushing waves of the sea of barbarians which poured over Europe from the frozen tundrs of Scythia and the dark forests of Germany, it seemed but too certain that all religion and all civilization would be hopelessly swept away.

He stands forth as the noblest type of that "disciplined life," of that Christian cœnobitism, which was one of the chief of God's appointed instruments to strengthen the great wings of pureness and kindness by which the Church sustained herself in a purer air than that of the world around her. His life gave the lie to the infamous surmise of Nero that no living man was, or could be, pure. He manifested "the irresistible might of weakness which shook the world." He showed that nothing is so powerful, nothing so fruitful, nothing so ennobling as self-sacrifice. In that famous interview in which the heroic Totila, who had disguised himself in vain, was overawed by his reproofs and prophecies, St. Benedict typified that coming victory in which the rudest of barbarians, confronted only by defenceless holiness, were yet compelled to bow down before the banner of a moral idea and the supremacy of a spiritual force. In an epoch of infernal splendor and voluptuousness the last of the Cæsars used his awful autocracy to show human nature at its vilest, and to precipitate the ultimate ruin of the institutions of the Old World. In an epoch of heresy, disaster, and impending destruction, an innocent and helpless boy fled from temptation to the wild cave which was to become the cradle of Western monasticism. That cave was "the nest of the eagle and the dove from which issued, with the rule and institution of St. Benedict, the flower of Christian civilization, the permanent victory of the soul over the flesh, the intellectual enfranchisement of Europe, and all that charm and grandeur which the spirit of sacrifice, regulated by faith, adds to knowledge, labor, and virtue."\* Nero, in the orgies of despotism and luxury, in the mingling of all the blood and mud of natural viciousness, during a career in which, as on Solomon's mount of corruption, "lust was hard by hate," degraded humanity, plunged himself into horrible retribution, and shook down the bases of empire. St. Benedict, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings and fastings, in cold and nakedness, upheld the tottering pillar of faith and civilization, and breathed fresh hopes into a dawning world.

The memories of the Christian saint and the Pagan sybarite are (as I have said) commingled at Subiaco.

The cradle of the river Arno — of which the lovely cascades delight the traveller at Tivoli — is to be found some fifty miles

west of Rome, among mountains through which it has hollowed a deep and rocky gorge which formed the borderland between the Sabines and the Æquians. The torrent dashes through these walls of rock, between hills clothed with verdure, until, after many a fall, it reaches Subiaco. The name is a corruption of *Sublaqueum*, and is derived from the fact that Nero, with that love of the picturesque which was the most innocent side of his extravagant æstheticism, had here dammed up the rushing stream so as to form three delicious lakes, beside which, and on both sides of the river, he built two villas, connected by a bridge like that which now spans the gorge, and from which the traveller gazes down upon the river foaming two hundred and forty feet below. The charm of the spot lay for Nero in its loveliness and seclusion: —

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,  
Hic nemus umbriferum; hic tecum consumerer ævo.

In what is ridiculously called "the golden quinquennium" of Nero's reign, he was not yet so steeled to shamelessness as to be indifferent to the censures which fell on him amid the glare and publicity of Rome. He was glad, as Horace had been, to retire from the feverous autumn and burning summer to a scene secluded as the Capræ of Tiberius, where, unobserved by any but the kindred spirits which he gathered round him, he could glut himself in all shamelessness and folly. To fish with golden hooks, attached to lines of purple; to bathe with impudent irreverence in the *fons caruleus* (from which the Marcian aqueduct of Claudius conveyed the *aqua virgo* to Rome), in order, as he said, that the Roman people might have the privilege of drinking water which had tinged his imperial limbs; to fill his gardens with strange animals and birds — these were comparatively harmless vagaries. But here, also, he surrounded himself with those dissolute and greedy parasites, buffoons, and eunuchs, which degraded the palace of the Cæsars with Eastern infamies; and in the enchanting gardens of this mountain villa, amid torchlight which only served to intensify the shadows of the dense foliage, were enacted in privacy some of his earlier extravagancies of vice. They were the beginning of the orgies wherewith, under the impulse of Tigellinus, he afterwards shocked and disgusted whatever was left of the moral sense in that corrupted capital of the world, which was full, not only

\* Montalembert, *Monks of the West*, ii. 12.

of pearls, and scarlet, and thyine-wood, and ivory, and marble, and silk, and cinnamon, but also of slaves and souls of men.\* Year after year the imperial *cortège* might have been seen streaming, to the number of a thousand, from the gates of Rome. The chariot in which the emperor lolled was inlaid with ivory and silver, and the sumpter-mules, which carried the inexhaustible resources of his luxury, were shod with gold. The muleteers were dressed in liveries of the finest Canusian wool, dyed scarlet. The swarthy cohort of Mazacan outriders shone in bracelets and trappings of gold. Many of the slaves had no other duty than to carry the lyres and other musical instruments, which were required for theatrical entertainments, and all the more delicate and beautiful of them had their faces covered with masks or smeared with cosmetics, lest the sun should spoil the beauty of their complexions. But, while here, as everywhere, Nero was disgracing the nature and name of man, the vengeance of Heaven did but slumber. Omens of evil were not wanting, and once, in A.D. 61, while he feasted at this Sublacensian villa, a storm reverberated among the hills, and the table at which he was feasting—according to one account, the golden goblet which he held in his hand—was struck by the electric flame, terrifying his guilty soul, and scarcely sparing his forfeit life.

Of all this grandeur and guilt there is now hardly a vestige. In the year 1430, perhaps in consequence of earthquakes, the artificial lakes of Nero—of which the tradition still remains in the name *bagni di Nerone*, given to some *débris* on the right side of the river—were swept away by the bursting of the dykes. There are some shapeless ruins, probably the remains of a Nymphæum, overlooking the lovely expanse of water, but nothing else remains of Nero's magnificent structures except the bases of his bridge, the fragments of marble mosaics, broken columns of porphyry and *giallo antico*, the fine torso of an athlete, and a few other broken statues and bas-reliefs preserved in the cloisters of Sta. Scolastica, or thence removed to the Vatican at Rome.

The thousands of pilgrims who, in age after age, have visited Subiaco have been attracted thither not by the ruins of Nero's villa, or even by the beauty of the scene, but solely by the memories of St. Benedict, and by the desire to visit the Sagro Speco of which Petrarch said that "those

who have seen it believe that they have seen the gates of Paradise." Four centuries after Nero had expiated his crimes by shameful suicide, the same Via Valeria and Via Sublacensis which had witnessed the gorgeous parade of his voluptuousness, saw a solitary boy, who, at the age of fourteen, had fled to escape temptation from the allurements of Rome. He was of noble birth; on the mother's side the last scion of the old Sabine lords of Nursia, and on the father's of the ancient house of the Anicii. None but his old nurse had followed his flight, and when multitudes began to flock round him, from the fame of a miracle which he was believed to have wrought, he left her also, and plunged into these remote fastnesses, which had long been abandoned to silence. He passed the huts of the Sublacensian peasants, and climbed the savage solitudes of the mountain, until he came to a mass of overhanging rock, beneath the shadow of which was a sunless cave overgrown with wild thickets. It had once, perhaps, been an oracle of the god Faunus. None knew of his whereabouts except a single monk, Romanus, who had met him and given him a hair shirt and coat of skins. Unable to reach his cavern among the precipitous cliffs and tangled growth of underwood, Romanus daily let down to him a basket which contained such fragments of bread as remained over from his own scant fare. Here the solitary boy lived for three whole years in vigil, fast, and prayer. Yet even so, and perhaps all the more from the morbid concentration of thought upon his own perils in a frame weakened by emaciation, he was so far from being exempt from temptation that his thoughts often and involuntarily reverted to a maiden whom he had seen and loved in Rome. To cure himself of these backward glances at the world, he adopted an heroic remedy. Beside his cave was a bed of thorns, and, stripping himself of his robe of skin, he rolled his naked body in the thorns, and so by extremity of anguish cured himself forever from the impulses which horrified his tender conscience. To this day, beside the holy cave, the traveller will be shown in the monastery garden the scene of this event. And on the wall, which enclosed the garden, the boy's penance is represented in a fading fresco, with the words:—

Flammata mens divinitus  
Exstinxit ignes ignibus.

Now, however, the thorn-bed is a bed of thornless roses. It 1223, St. Francis of

\* Rev. xviii. 11-13.

Assisi visited this holy ground, watered it with his tears, and planted two roses there. They have completely triumphed over the thorns. The dust of their flowers is supposed to produce marvellous cures for the faithful, and a sort of little serpent, visible on some of the leaves, is pointed out as a miraculous trace of the event.

We need not dwell on the story of St. Benedict, or attempt to disentangle its legendary from its historic elements. Suffice it to say that when Romanus was sent by his abbot on a mission in 498, the hiding-place of Benedict was intimated to a priest who visited him with food; and, as his retreat became known to the neighboring peasantry, his fame spread, and the monks of Vicovaro (Horace's *Varia*), in spite of his earnest warnings and remonstrances, insisted on making him their abbot. They were, however, soon wearied by his austerities and endeavored to poison him. Leaving them in order to live once more alone in his cavern, he was sought out by so many disciples that he was led to found twelve monasteries, each inhabited by twelve monks. Here, too, he received two noble boys, aged twelve and seven — Maurus and Placidus — sent by their fathers, who were Roman senators, to be trained under his influence. His fame and sanctity awakened the fanatical hatred of a wicked priest in the neighborhood named Fulgentius, who assailed him — first by the poison of calumny, and then by actual poison. Benedict was aware of his peril, and at his command a raven carried far from human habitation the poisoned loaf which Fulgentius had brought. In memory of this incident tame ravens have always been kept at the monastery, and two of the glossy, beautiful creatures came up to me for food when I went out of the Holy Cave. When Fulgentius tried not only to kill but also to corrupt his monks, St. Benedict left the cave and the mountain in which he had now lived for thirty-five years. He was guided by Divine Providence to the fine isolated hill of Monte Cassino, and there, on the boundaries of Samnium and Campania, in the midst of a population still addicted to the dying superstitions of Paganism, and amid the ruins of an ancient temple of Apollo, he built the glorious monastery of Monte Cassino — the arch-monastery of that great Benedictine order which has rendered so many services to literature and to civilization. Here he lived for fourteen years longer, wisely intermingling prayer and labor, subduing

Savage hearts alike and barren moors.

Here, from a window of his cell, seeing the world beneath him all bathed in glorious sunshine, "inspexit et *despexit*," he gazed down upon the glories of earth and was untempted by them. Here, in 542, he had the famous interview which made so deep an impression upon Totila, the Ostrogoth. Here he was joined by his twin-sister, Scolastica, who built a monastery for women. Here, forty days after he had seen the vision of his sister's soul received into heaven as a dove, he himself died, standing with extended arms, and murmuring a prayer to heaven; and at Monte Cassino, as at Subiaco, "from his heart" (as Pope Urban II. said), "as from a fountain of Paradise," flowed all that was true and noble and sincere in the monasticism of the West.

But besides being a scene of unusual beauty, and besides being so closely connected with such historic and religious memories, Subiaco is well worthy of a visit. In our journey thither, we pass by Mandela and *Varia*, and the "gelidus Digentia rivus," which recall at every turn the verses of Horace, and which remind us we are not far from his Sabine farm. The town nestles amid abundant foliage, dominated by its lofty mediæval castle, and adorned with the stately monasteries of St. Francis on the bank of the river and Sta. Scolastica and the Sagro Speco on the mountain. And the Holy Cave was not only the cradle of Western monasticism; it is connected also with the beginnings of Gothic architecture in Italy; of Italian printing; and of Italian art.

As regards architecture, the second of the three monasteries of Sta. Scolastica dates from 1052, and, with the upper of the three churches built over the cave in 1075, furnishes the earliest specimens of the pointed arch in Italy. Here, too, appeared the first book which was printed in Italy. The German printers, Schweinheim and Pannartz, established themselves here in 1468, and the first book which they printed was the grammar of Donatus, succeeded by editions of works of Lactantius, Cicero, and Augustine, of which copies are preserved in the library of the monastery. No less remarkable is the fact that among the many deeply interesting frescoes which cover every wall in the churches of Speco, there is a Madonna — hardly, if at all, inferior in beauty to the far-famed Madonna of Cimabue in the church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence — which was painted in 1219, and therefore fifty years before that of Cima-

bue. At the side of the Madonna's throne are two angels, and over that on the left hand is the inscription, "Magister Conxolus pinxit." Unfortunately nothing is known of this painter Conciolo, who had begun thus early to emancipate Italian art from the traditions of Byzantinism, and of whom no other specimens have been preserved except this and the frescoes near it. He was perhaps a Greek, but must remain for us the shadow of a name. Neither Vasari, nor Lomazzo, nor Lanzi, nor Passavant, nor Rio, nor Kugler, nor Blanc, nor Mantz, so much as mention his name!

The Sagro Speco also contains the works of another unknown painter — Brother Odo. Among other frescoes of this monk, here alone preserved, is an intensely interesting portrait of St. Francis of Assisi, bearing in his hands a scroll with the words, "Pax huic domui." At his feet kneels the small figure of a monk, representing Brother Odo himself. Underneath are the words, "Vera effigies S. Francisci Assisi a quodam Monacho depicta cum Sanctus hoc sacellum veneratione prosequeretur, MCCXXIII." Here, then, we have another early thirteenth-century picture, precious as the only known contemporary likeness of the sweet and humble saint whose name floats like a perfume over that stormy epoch. He is painted before his canonization, even before the days of the *stigmata*; and as we look at this rude fresco we see in the face a natural grace and sweetness which is wholly wanting to the unnatural and almost revolting pictures of his emaciation in the later and purely imaginary works of Spanish and Italian art.

Subiaco is also a place of deep interest from its general connection with mediæval history, from the great ecclesiastics whom it bred, and from the struggle of the Orsini and Colonna families with which it was entangled, and of which a trace still remains in the tower built above the oratories of the cave. It was erected by the Colonnas in order that they might watch from this commanding height the raids of the formidable rivals. The cave also boasts of the number of its illustrious visitors, among whom were twenty saints, fourteen popes, one emperor (Otho III.), one empress (the celebrated Agnes), one king, two queens, and innumerable cardinals, bishops, and other learned and famous persons. Of the popes who came on pilgrimage to it, the most remarkable were Innocent III. in 1203, and Gregory IX. in 1227. The latter, as an inscription

tells us, "macerated his sacred limbs" there in ascetic humility for two months. Both are represented in contemporary frescoes. Innocent III. is a man with a strikingly powerful and handsome face; he wears but one crown on his tiara, and holds in his hand the bull which he issued in favor of the monks. Gregory IX., who had been an abbot of Sta. Scolastica, holds in his hand an open book, in which was written, "Vere locus iste sanctus est in quo stamus."

The churches of the Speco abound in points of interest, but I must here stop, for I remember Voltaire's

Mais malheur à l'auteur qui veut toujours instruire;

Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.

I should like, however, to mention two things more. One is the burial-place of the monks, whose countless skulls and bleaching bones are visible through a grating in a *pozzo profundissimo* at our feet. Over it is a fresco representing the triumph of Death, whose white horse — painted at full gallop as a symbol of the shortness of life — tramples corpses of every age and rank under his feet. On the scythe of Death, explaining the details of the allegory, are the words, "Mors malis formidabilis; bonis desiderabilis; nemini evitabilis." On the other wall is painted the well-known mediæval story of the three young knights, to whom an aged hermit explains the warning conveyed by the three corpses, on which they have suddenly come amid their gay hunting; a picture which will remind us of the more famous one by Orcagna in the Campo Santo of Pisa.

Lastly, in the garden of marvellous roses there is the fresco which represents St. Benedict's self-subdual, and the lines: —

Quos tinxit sancto Benedictus sanguine vepres,  
Francisci gignunt insitione rosas.

Here, too, we find one of the indications that the saint made his hermitage in an oracular cavern of ancient idolatries. It is a small cippus of marble on a little rocky platform of several steps which once served as the pedestal of an image of Semo Sancus Sylvanus, the Sabine deity, whose statue on the island of the Tiber, Justin Martyr, by a curious blunder, identified with a supposed statue to Simon Magus. The cippus was found in the grove near the monastery of the Speco, and was erected (as we are informed by the ancient votive inscription) by a freedman, Attius Dionysius, when, in accord-



ance with a vision, he had obtained his liberty.

The excursion from Rome to Subiaco is easy and delightful. I recommend it to all travellers. Of the spell exercised by the Holy Cave there is no stronger proof than the testimony of Renan, that even if a sceptic enters it he can hardly fail to leave it as a believer. We may heartily echo the benediction inscribed over the portal: "Sit pax intranti, sit gratia digna precanti."

F. W. FARRAR.

From Murray's Magazine.

#### THE EMPTY COMPARTMENT.

I AM not a racing man, and therefore, looking at others through myself after the manner of my kind, I did not imagine that I should be delayed on my journey homeward by the fact that the day of my return was the great day at F—— races.

A fortnight of my summer holiday had been devoted to fly-fishing on certain well-preserved streams in north Wales. I had fished from the bank, I had waded through mountain torrents, and every evening had come back tired and happy, and laden with silver-brown treasures, jewelled with specks of amber and vermilion.

And now the nets were up at sea, and I was waiting, waiting for the great salmon that were surely hurrying towards me, fighting their way against peat-brown, swirling water, climbing the salmon-ladders, jumping the granite boulders, towards the flies that lay in ambush for them in my old well-worn fly-book.

For days I had pictured their coming, had stood by a pool through which they must pass, had studied the fly, gaudy but not too gaudy, with a glint of peacock amidst its pheasant's coloring, and one touch of crimson in the silk which bound it, which no salmon of any curiosity could resist; for days I had hazarded a guess at the weight of my first take, beginning modestly at seven pounds or so, and growing bolder as the days passed until ten, twenty, or even thirty pounds seemed possible.

And just then, just when I had heard of fish six miles below me, when weather was perfect, and long patience about to be rewarded, a telegram summoned me home, and blackness settled upon everything.

The landlord sympathized with me at the little Angler's Inn, where I was staying, but when I told him the serious na-

ture of my telegram, he did not like to refer to the pleasures that awaited me if I remained, but only pointed out the dangers on my path if I left: "Those dreadful F—— races!"

A frivolous excuse to my mind from a man who had not dared to urge the coming salmon as a reason for remaining. No, I was the junior partner of my bachelor uncle who had money (this last assertion refers to the uncle, and not to the junior partner); he summoned, and I must go.

One train only would get me to London that night; by starting at once I could run to an important Junction, a couple of hours away, change there, and be in town by eight or nine o'clock.

Now this Junction was on the direct line to F—— races.

I reached the station a trifle late, for it had been quick work to take my rods to pieces, and get my flies that were on the casts tenderly into my book. However, I was in time, and found a rather noisy set of half-a-dozen men on the platform whom I took to be bookmakers, why I cannot say, as I do not know any signs to distinguish a bookmaker when I see him, and I may be mistaken.

I gathered that one train had passed through too full for them to get seats, and I heard one say to the station-master: "Look here, I gave you a good tip, and it's hard lines if you don't put a carriage on for self and friends if the next's as full as the last."

"The next" was full, if about six above the usual number in each compartment constitutes repletion, and the station-master's gratitude led to the running out of an old carriage from a shed, into one compartment of which jumped "self and friends."

Profiting by their importunity, but not anxious for their company, I got into the next compartment, and was glad to find myself alone. I settled my rods in the rack above my head, disturbing dust and cobwebs as I did so, pulled a newspaper from one pocket and a travelling cap from another, and read myself to sleep. We had had a long sitting in the smoking-room the night before, over the momentous question of the salmon, and I slept soon and heavily.

How long I slept I cannot say, but I awoke in the roar and rattle of a tunnel—awoke in thick darkness to hear the slow panting of the engine and feel the labored strain which told me we were going uphill; also to a more disagreeable consciousness, namely, that I was not alone,

that there were other persons in the compartment, and that therefore I must have passed a station.

What a fool I must have looked, sleeping heavily in broad daylight, so heavily that two persons at least had passed me in getting in without disturbing my boorish slumbers. Two at least—for they were talking and I listened for a moment to their conversation, wishing to gather who my companions might be, before daylight showed them to me.

They were very near me, it seemed, on the opposite seat by the door, and the first words I heard were these, spoken in a gentle, girlish voice, but with a sad firmness in it,—

"I cannot, Harry!"

The answer startled me, it was so roughly given, and the voice was a man's.

"You mean you won't, Kate, and there's an end of it."

Then the girl whispered something that I did not catch, but I could hear the man half push her from him as he exclaimed,—

"I am a ruined man without it, and you won't lift a finger to save me."

This would never do; they evidently fancied me still asleep, and would be talking over all sorts of private affairs, so I coughed, moved uneasily, rustled my newspaper, and, as the first distant gleam showed that the train was nearing daylight, planted myself firmly in my corner prepared for apology or defence, and when we rushed out of the darkness—found myself absolutely alone.

This was absurd; I had been asleep indeed, but yet, as I looked around, and turned to the window to see trees and fields gliding past, I knew I was wide awake now, and began to dislike the situation. For I still heard the two talking, though not so clearly, and could only conclude that they were in the compartment occupied by the racing set, that these last had got out at the station we had evidently passed while I slept, and that their places were filled by the two whose voices reached me with such unnatural distinctness. And yet how improbable that the men who were so evidently going to the races had got out before the Junction. Horror! I thought, the blood rushing to my face at the bare idea, I cannot have slept past the Junction too! No, my watch showed that I had not been forty minutes in the train.

I pulled myself together and looked round.

The carriage in which I sat was old and dirty, as I have said; opposite to me, just

where, with my eyes shut, I could swear that a man and a girl sat talking, the dingy brown cloth was somewhat stained, and there was a long, jagged slit, apparently cut with a knife, out of which the stuffing of the cushion hung miserably.

This slit would account for the distinctness of the voices I heard, I argued with a sophistry I would have scorned in another. No, it would not account for it, urged common sense; but it *must*, or my eyes were playing me false.

Just as I decided this, half-heartedly, a loud guffaw from the racing men assured me that they at least were still in the other compartment.

Then where were my two companions? Talking in whispers, pleading, disputing, with four or five rough, noisy men side by side with them, their voices coming to me through the horrible, jagged cut in the faded cloth opposite. Or—or where? Here with me, not to be seen, though I rubbed my eyes, and looked out of the window, and forced myself to look back at the spot where the voices sounded, just above the horrible slit in the cloth. For it was horrible. I confessed this to myself at last, and drew my feet up on the seat of the carriage, and felt the cold dampness of fear creep down my face, as I heard a girl's voice, hoarse and eager, as it seemed to me, striving for calmness against growing terror.

"Listen, Harry," she said. "This money is not mine. You do not understand, so I must tell you, though it is my father's secret. He has owed this sum for ten years, and for ten years has worked and saved and starved for it. Little by little he has gathered it all; and I have watched him growing older, and paler, and seen the stoop in his shoulders, and the dimness in his eyes, until, Harry, my heart has nearly broken for pity. But a week ago the last pound was put in the bank, and he was free."

"A week ago," the man's voice muttered harshly; "and why not pay it a week ago, and have saved tempting me?"

The last words were said so low that I scarcely heard them, and the girl took no notice of them, and hardly even answered his question.

"It was for my brother's sake, dear, the brother you never knew, who is dead, and who, but for his father, would be disgraced as well. He was weak, poor fellow, in body and mind. He was a clerk, and betted, and lost, Harry;" and the poor little voice grew so pitiful here, that I could fancy I saw pleading eyes raised to

the other's face, "and he took money, £200, from his master, and —"

"Two hundred pounds!" the shout with which these words were uttered made me tremble. "Never mind the story, Kate; tell it me another time; it's common enough, God knows! Where is the money?"

There was a shrinking movement on the girl's part. I could hear her breathe quickly, and push the man's hands away, while I sat crouching there like a coward, hearing all and afraid to help, afraid to put out my hand across the carriage for fear of what it might touch.

"No, Harry — no," she panted; "you shall not have it. My father — Oh, Harry, let me tell you. My father went to Frank's master and pleaded for him; he swore that if he would forgive the boy he himself would pay the money back, and at last it was agreed. Frank went to Australia, and died there a year after, and my father worked on, faithful to his promise. Half-way through the time he took £100 to Frank's master. My father thought he was surprised to see the money. A friend said he could not claim it now my brother was dead. Any way, he told my father he would forgive him the other half; but father would not hear of that. He said for his dead boy's honor he would pay all; and this morning, Harry, he told me to go and get the money from the bank, and to-morrow he will pay it over himself, and be free and happy again. Now, Harry, you understand."

The man's tone was changed when he spoke again.

"Of course, dear, I understand," he said more gently, and I could hear him draw her towards him; "and now you must listen to me. You know you are mine, Kate; you have promised to marry me, and you ought to trust me a little."

"I do, Harry," she whispered, "only you promised to give up betting."

"You talk like a woman, Kate, and a woman with no experience. I tell you most men bet; it all depends how you do it. Now here I am doing nothing rash, I am behind the scenes. I have the trainer's word for it, and John of Gaunt is as sure to win as the bookmakers think he is safe to lose, and that is saying a good deal. With a paltry £5 in my pocket I am safe to make £50, and with £100 — think, Kate, we could marry to-morrow!"

"I would rather wait than marry so, dear," the gentle voice answered.

"But by George, Kate, I would not,"

— the briefly repressed fury burst out again; "and I tell you again the money will save me. Lend it me, child, just for to-night; I'll bring it you doubled to-morrow, Kate. I swear! Doubled! you don't know how I'll multiply it. And hark you, girl — for I see your meek eyes set themselves, and your lips, that can tremble sometimes, press together — you had better know the truth; your brother's story will be mine without this money; I owe more than that weak boy dared venture. I love you, Kate, and I'll marry you if you are true to me; but, by heaven, if you think to put a dead brother before a living husband, I'll be more like killing than marrying."

I heard his teeth grind together as he spoke, and there was an awful silence. The girl must have drawn back from him, for, when she spoke again, her voice sounded further away, and there was a kind of sob in her throat which broke and choked her words.

"I must give you up, Harry; I can never be your wife now. When you are calmer you would despise me, as I should despise myself for lending what was not my own. The money is in a dead hand, I dare not touch it."

A harsh laugh burst from the man close to me, and my hands, which were locked together, were wet and cold; I tried to tear them apart; I tried to bite my lip and force the blood into my face, but though I knew how I was cowering, I had no control over the horrible demon of fear which had me in its grasp.

"What do you mean, child?" the man who laughed asked in a hollow voice, "what makes you talk of dead hands? Come near me, Kate, I will not give you up so lightly; see, we will talk of other things; don't look so frightened, come and kiss me, Kate; you are a brave girl, we'll forget that cursed money."

I heard her creep back to her old place, heard her crying as women cry after a tension of mind and heart has been removed, heard him kiss her and ask her forgiveness; and then, just as the cold fear that held me seemed about to relax its hold, I felt — no, I felt nothing, but I heard, close to me now in the silence, a movement of a trembling, fumbling hand — a hand that sought something, something secret, something that it would grasp unseen.

The two were not speaking now, or only in murmurs so low that the moving hand which fumbled near me seemed to claim my ear more than their words.

My head throbbed with the tension of listening; all the blood in me seemed to be beating there, leaving my heart stone cold. Suddenly the groping hand passed swiftly close to my face; I felt the waft of the parted air against my wet temples, and then I heard a cry; ah, such a cry of surprise breaking into terror, of terror over-mastering love, as the girl's voice shrieked, —

"No, no, not that, not that; oh, father, help, help — help!"

Help? Against what? What had the girl's eyes seen, what dread had forced that bitter, broken cry from the poor lips? At last I leaned forward, I cried too, "Help, help!" At least I think I did, but if any sound came from my dry throat I knew not; before me I knew the man bent over something, something that moved a little, that moaned, that sighed softly. And after the sigh, the bending form lifted itself and muttered, and searched; I heard the hands tearing at something; then I heard a quick exclamation, a rustle of crisp paper, and then the door at my side was open; I felt the rain on my face, for a heavy shower was passing over us.

The blessed rain! the comforting, commonplace wetness reassured me; I felt my terror passing, and even reached a hand, half-heartedly shut the door, with a dazed feeling that I had had a bad dream.

But some object was dragged against it, was forced through it keeping it open, until I heard a dull thud outside, and then for the last time a harsh voice, now in the doorway, muttered: —

"What devil drives me? There's the Junction, I must leap!"

The train slackened speed, the swinging door fell into its place slowly, as though released from the pressure of a restraining hand, and I looked up and saw a porter run forward as we steamed into the station.

I caught at his arm as he came to the carriage; it was a relief to hold to humanity once more. I saw him look in my face curiously.

"Are you ill, sir?" he asked; "your carriage door was open, were you getting out?"

I could not answer him.

"You hurt your hand, sir, I suppose; it is not safe to open the door too soon."

"My hand! No, I have not hurt it — why?"

I managed to get the words out at last.

The porter looked at me again queerly. "Well, you were staring at it when I

came up as if you thought it would be covered with blood or something like."

"I did — I did!" then realizing what I was saying I broke off. "No — no, it is not hurt, but I am not well; I will stay here an hour or so; I cannot go on just yet."

The porter seemed surprised, but helped me out, and then got out my things. As he did so he exclaimed at the state of the carriage, —

"Who has been pulling this stuffing out here? Were you alone, sir? This looks queer — somebody's been cutting the cushion. I must speak to the station-master."

But the station-master was already there. He had noted the delay, and made his way to the carriage, glancing at me rather strangely, and then looking into the compartment I had left.

"Who put this carriage on?" he called out.

The guard came up.

"It was put on at B —, sir. The train was full, and all the stock had been sent on for the races; it was the only one they had, I understood."

"That is so, sir," said one of the racing men, putting his head out of the window, "and dirty enough it is too; but here we are, and here we mean to stay, and we'll be glad to be moving towards F —, if convenient."

I thought the station-master looked inquiringly from me to the man who spoke, and back again to me. His face was pale, and he seemed about to speak, but looking at his watch, only signalled with his hands to the guard, and then stood apparently in much perplexity as the train slowly left the station. Then he glanced at me.

"You look cold, sir," he said; "come and have a cup of coffee in my room. I suppose you will go on by the next train?"

I followed him, convinced that he would ask me about that open door in the old railway carriage. I was not sorry to sift the matter a little, for I felt bolder now, surrounded by the every-day details of the small country station. Its dreary refreshment room, its deserted bookstall, its one porter — his day enlivened only by the event of the passing trains — all this was ordinary, well known, and anything but supernatural. When the porter brought me the stereotyped bun, flat, limp, and currantless, scarcely recovered from obvious compression in the box that conveyed it to the station, I felt almost reas-

sured. I had been asleep, I knew, what more satisfactory than to suppose I had been dreaming? But the station-master, having made some coffee, and handed me a steaming cup, would not let me rest.

"Would you mind telling me, sir," he asked, in the whisper I so well remembered my small brother adopting in the dead of night when we were boys, and which always made me feel "creepy," "how that door came open?"

"That's just what I don't know," I said, in the would-be reassuring tone I always used to that small brother, and with the old result, namely, of blending our fears together, and doubling their intensity.

"I was asleep—I mean I had been asleep, and perhaps I kicked it."

"Ah!" breathed the station-master.

"Why?" I ventured to ask, after a silence.

"Only that four years ago, on the first day of F— races, that same carriage ran into our station with its door open, as it did to-day, and inside was a woman in a dead faint; she came to herself in an hour, and talked of a murder."

"But that carriage, how do you know?"

"This is how I know, sir," and the man got up and shut the door, which opened on to the platform, and pulled his chair near mine when he came back. "Some seven or eight years ago I was master here, and waiting for the train passing through to the races as it might be to-day, and as she came in I saw a door open, and going forward found the compartment in disorder, a knife on the floor, blood on it and on the seat and carpet, and a slit in the stuffing of the cushion at the back just at the height—well, at the height you saw it sir, if it's as I think. We sent men back along the line, and soon found a girl's body stabbed and thrown on the metals."

"Thrown on the line?"

"Yes, so they said. It was all found out quickly enough when her old father came to identify her; he said she'd been robbed too, for she had £100 in notes on her when she was murdered."

"And the man,—he did not escape?"

"No, the police guessed what he had been up to, and traced him to the races, where they made out he had lost every note he stole. He had been betting largely on one horse——"

"John of Gaunt," I cried eagerly, but with some of the recent terror on me again.

"Yes, that was it, sir; you've heard the story before?"

I shook my head and he went on,—

"Well, they followed him pretty well all over the country, public feeling was so hard against him that every one knew he could not hide long, and at last they came upon him half starved in a barn; he faced them and shot himself, and escaped hanging."

I did not speak, I was going over my recent experience in the train.

"The queer part of it, sir, is this," said the station-master, "after the coroner's jury had been here and seen the carriage—left untouched for them you'll understand—we never used it; somehow the men did not like it, and one market-day they sent it back to the station you came from, sir, and for years it was not used. Then four years ago, as I said, they hooked it on for the races, every bit of rolling stock being wanted, and then it came in here with its door swinging, and a swooning woman inside, who told a strange story when it could be got out of her. The men liked it less after that, and sent it back again, and now that fool down the line drags it out on race day of all days in the year, and puts you in it, sir, and in my idea it ought to be broken into firewood."

We talked until my train came in, and I told him all I heard on that awful journey.

"Poor soul," he said; "I seem to know that girl."

"By-the-by," I asked, as I packed my things into a carriage in the train that was to take me on, carefully choosing a compartment full of smokers, "What was her name? do you remember?"

He curved his hand round his mouth, and leaned towards me,—

"Kate Lee," he said.

I do not often tell this story. Sometimes I have told it, and seen an incredulous smile cross the polite faces of my hearers. I cannot account for its incidents, or explain its improbability; but for me it has had one marked result, I never enter an empty railway carriage.

From The Spectator.

#### NOTES OF A PILGRIMAGE.

#### IV.

#### MOUNT CARMEL.

It was with a somewhat uncomfortable feeling that we made our first plunge into the unknown in the classic region of Carmel. So far, we had been travelling along



well-trodden ways by known methods of conveyance, and sleeping under more or less solid roofs; but here, at Haifa, we were to commence a life of wandering and dwelling in tents, with little prospect of finding civilization nearer than Damascus. To emphasize our separation from the rest of mankind, we must begin by being in a manner marooned at Haifa — being dropped from our good European steamer, full of commonplace tourists *en route* for Beyrout, at the dead of night into a clumsy native boat, manned by decidedly unskilful oarsmen — and feel a certain pride at the sight of the retinue which is waiting on the pier with paper lanterns to light us on our way to the camp. It is upon record that Mr. Boswell, when he was summoned to dinner at Fort George by tuck of drum, felt a momentary pride in imagining himself to be a soldier; we are tempted to flatter ourselves that there must really be something adventurous about our enterprise, with all these unusual surroundings. It is a pleasant illusion which we conscientiously endeavor to keep up, even when the surroundings have become terribly matter-of-fact, and we find our table constantly supplied with the veriest cockney delicacies.

The waking in strange lands is here an auspicious one. The morning is fine, and the bay of Haifa lies before us, an unbroken sheet of tranquil blue, set off by the reddish color of the sands beyond. The historic city of Acre is just visible through the morning haze on the further shore, and over the low hills behind it we can catch at rare intervals a glimpse of the snow-capped summit of that shyest of mountains, Hermon, — with which we are destined in time to become much better acquainted. Behind us rise the northern slopes of Mount Carmel — not very interesting in appearance from this side — on which, just above the promontory which closes our view to the westward, stands out the great monastery, a disappointing building, with none of the venerable attributes which should distinguish the mother of all the Carmelite establishments in the world. It is, in point of fact, not seventy years old; and even its predecessor, which was destroyed by the Turks some years before the present building was erected, only dated from the seventeenth century. The order, of course, is of much greater antiquity; but its fortunes have fluctuated, and many successive monasteries have been built and destroyed since its first institution. All that I can say of the present building is

that it gives to the otherwise bare hillside that sign of the presence of something living which always adds interest to a landscape; and, as the guide-books say, the traveller who visits it will be rewarded with a fine view; there is no gainsaying that.

There is, of course, in this neighborhood no connection with any part of the history which gives the greatest interest to the Holy Land; and even in the Old Testament there is little of interest in connection with Mount Carmel, except the one great scene of Elijah's contest with the prophets of Baal. But it appears, nevertheless, from the earliest times to have been endued with a peculiar sanctity, of which it has lost nothing to this day in the eyes of Christian, Jew, or Moslem. Perhaps this may account for the remarkable gathering of all varieties of sects which is found in the neighborhood of the Carmel range. The Mahommedans, who are considerably outnumbered by the Christians and Jews, are not so well represented; yet there is at Acre a Persian prophet of great eminence, who has announced himself to be the Bab, or Gate of Salvation, through whom the Deity must be approached, and is regarded with the profoundest reverence by the Mussulmans, especially those of his own country. Indeed, a story is told of a Persian nobleman who offered to give up all his possessions to this prophet on condition of being allowed to serve him even in the humblest capacity, — an advantageous offer which the holy man accepted. In the town of Haifa itself, the Melchites predominate, a curious sect who appear to hover upon the frontiers of the Greek and Roman beliefs without distinctly belonging to either. The Latins, indeed, have the benefit of their avowed adherence; but their practices must be much more satisfactory to the Greeks. They are, in fact, proselytes from the Greek Church, who stipulated as the price of their conversion that they should be allowed to retain their former customs upon three unimportant points: the marriage of the clergy, the administration of the communion in both kinds to the congregation, and the celebration of the service in the vernacular. These trifling concessions having been granted, they accepted the supremacy of the pope and the Latin date of Easter without further difficulty.

Moslem or Christian, Greek or Latin, have done little in all the years they have had for the improvement, material and moral, of the town or neighborhood. But

in the last twenty years the Christian population has been increased by the arrival of a new contingent of a very different character. In our camp we are some distance from the narrow, crooked streets of the Arab town, but a few steps will bring us into a broad, level road, bordered by double lines of trees and substantial, well-built houses, the very model of the *chaussée* of some little German summer resort. We are in the colony of the German Society of the Temple, which perhaps we may consider the most extraordinary of all the sects assembled here. It is the rule of this singular people not to enter deeply into matters of doctrine, or, at any rate, to leave a great latitude for individual opinion, but simply to carry out in their lives the principles laid down in the Gospels, — a strange idea, indeed, but rather a sensible one when one comes to think of it. They have, indeed, some beliefs of their own, as that the second advent is at hand, and that it will take place in Palestine, so that they have come here to be on the spot. There are other colonies at Jaffa and Jerusalem, as well as in Germany, America, and Russia; I believe Haifa was selected for the first settlement merely from reasons of convenience. The greater number of the colonists are from Würtemberg and the adjacent parts of south Germany, though a considerable proportion — including Herr Schumacher, the *Vorsteher* of the Haifa community — are German-Americans. Of their views we had no means of judging; their acts speak for themselves. It is to them that all the progress that has been made in this part of the country is due, the peaceful and successful cultivation of the land and the new immunity from brigandage, as also the fact that we could drive through the town from the pier in what we by courtesy could term a carriage, over something remotely resembling a road, and generally all the recent improvements. The peasantry are said to be greatly impressed with this new kind of Christians, whose honesty and benevolence can really be relied on; the traveller will be equally struck with their invariable friendliness and hospitality to strangers.

Our own pilgrimage to Mount Carmel was chiefly to see the scenes in which Laurence Oliphant spent the last years of his life. The man who can claim any connection of kindred or friendship with him is very welcome on Mount Carmel. The Germans have a loving recollection of him, and the Druses in the villages of the hills entertain an almost superstitious

veneration for his memory and that of Sitti Alice, his wife. Few, indeed, of the inhabitants whom we meet, but have stories to tell of his practical love of his neighbor and his chivalrous devotion to the cause of all whom he found to be oppressed. The case of the Roumanian Jews, who were sent out here by the Jewish Colonizing Society of their country, and who, finding no preparations made to receive them, were left upon the streets of Haifa, homeless, penniless, and starving, till Laurence Oliphant took them up, maintaining the whole number at his own expense till satisfactory arrangements could be made for the establishment of the colony, is one of the best-known cases. But his chief work lay among the Druses, with whom he lived for half the year at the little village of Daliyeh, high up on Mount Carmel. Our road to Galilee was to pass over the hills by Daliyeh, a recognized station of our pilgrimage, and for this we accordingly started from Haifa, under the guidance of Laurence's friend and successor, Mr. Haskett Smith.

The first part of our journey was performed in a rough kind of conveyance, a sort of covered *char-à-bancs*, driven by an honest German who proudly asserts that he has driven the Herr and Frau Oliphant fifty times at least. The road lies across the long, level plain which stretches from Carmel as far as Jaffa. It is smooth and good till after we have passed the pretty Friedhof, where the mortal remains of Alice Oliphant are laid, but after that degenerates into a rough track, with cultivated fields on one side of it and on the other the singular natural barrier of rock which shuts off the seacoast from the plain for many miles. A couple of hours' drive brings us to the ruins of the great crusading fortress of Athlit, which we approach through a passage cut out of the rock barrier. Here, in a pleasant, green meadow near a little pond fringed with English-looking willows, our luncheon tent is pitched, and here, too, the son of the Druse sheikh is waiting for us with a small following, — a fine, martial-looking fellow, whose appearance is somewhat impaired by an old European great-coat, which he persists in wearing over his picturesque, national dress, and of which, ugly and inappropriate as it is, he is inordinately proud. The ruins of Athlit lie out of the way of most travellers, and are not so often visited as they should be. It is difficult to imagine anything more impressive than the great, grim ruin rising out of the sea on this exposed point, the waves dash-

ing up within a few feet of the mouldering pillars of the ruined banqueting-hall, and the dirty, miserable Arab village forcing its way into all available nooks and crannies, like some foul parasite feeding on the decay of the noble building. The outer wall of the north tower is still standing, an imposing pile, in spite of wind and weather and vandal Turks, who regard ruins generally as quarries for building materials; but the most striking of all is the great hall by the sea, where the Templars met together for the last time before leaving Palestine, when every other stronghold had been taken by the Saracens, and the ships were waiting in the little bay outside to carry away even this last remnant of the Christian garrisons.

The rest of the way lay up Mount Carmel itself, along a winding path, skirting the picturesque Arab village of Ainhout and ascending through a pleasant country abounding in flowers and small trees, till we come in sight of the long, low white house built by Laurence Oliphant for a summer residence, and still inhabited by a little group of his friends. The Druse village lies close by. I have little space to speak of this strange nation of the Druses, of whom every traveller has written something, but few have been able to get any certain information. Neither the family of nations to which they belong nor the country from which they come can be decided with anything like certainty. The purity of the Arabic spoken by them has made some suppose them to be emigrants from the south of Arabia, while others regard them as an Aryan race from eastern Asia, a theory borne out by their fair complexions, blue eyes, and generally un-Semitic appearance. Others, again, see in them the survivors of a very ancient population inhabiting the same districts in which they are found to-day, from Aleppo to Mount Carmel. Their religion, again, is a thing entirely apart from either Christian, Jewish, or Moslem beliefs, though some traditions of the other faiths appear to have crept into it. It is ostensibly taken with their name from one Duruzi, a Mahommedan heretic of the eleventh century, who, however, appears rather to have aimed at founding a political party than a religious sect; perhaps his teaching was merely embroidered on to an older religion. The holiest mysteries of their beliefs are not even known to all Druses, but only to the initiated among them; it is possible, however, that, as with

other great mysteries, there is not very much to reveal. One of their most singular ideas is that there are many Druses in England—who are unaware of the fact themselves—and also in China, with which country they would appear to have some mysterious connection. That they should even be aware of its existence is sufficiently astonishing.

The Druses have been a great nation in their day; indeed, the few Druse communities scattered about Galilee are the descendants of the conquerors of a former day who subdued the whole country from Aleppo to Carmel under their great leader, Fakr-ed-Din. But their days of prosperity are past; they are still sufficiently formidable in the Hauran—a district south-east of Damascus, sometimes known as the Druse Mountain—and in the Lebanon, where they share the advantages of that privileged province with their deadly enemies, the Maronites. But the Druse of Galilee is a sojourner in a strange land, disliked by both Christians and Mahommedans, and plundered by the government which he is not strong enough to resist. When Laurence Oliphant came to Mount Carmel, he found the unhappy Druses in despair, overburdened with apparently hopeless arrears of taxes, and he set himself to work to retrieve their position, so far with considerable success. Certainly, the community have a decent appearance of prosperity, and the house we were introduced to when we were received by the sheikh had a very well-to-do appearance indeed. We were taken across a courtyard into a large, bare, vaulted room, with queer openings, like windows, giving access to other rooms in the same building, through which occasionally heads of men, or other animals, were pushed in to see what was going on. We were to have seen an exhibition of native dancing, and were regaled for some time with cinnamon tea while the preliminaries were arranged. But we never were allowed to see more than a somewhat uninteresting dance of men. Nothing would persuade the women to dance unless the men were quite out of reach—though nothing can be more decorous than the Druse women's dance. One little blue-eyed girl was half persuaded, half bullied into beginning some steps at last, but she had hardly commenced before shyness got the better of her, and she covered her face with her hands and darted back into the shelter of the crowd.

## v.

## GALILEE.

It was from the little Latin *hospice* built in commemoration of Elijah's contest with the prophets of Baal on one of the peaks of Carmel, that we caught our first sight of Galilee. Coming suddenly upon the landscape as we do, there is something very striking in the aspect of the great plain of Esdraelon below us. There is an air of peace and prosperity about the broad, level expanse, chequered with the various colors of the different crops, with the little river Kishon winding its way through the midst of it. Yet it has been known as a battlefield for more than three thousand years, and all its memories are of blood. It was from that queer round hill of Tabor over against us, that Barak and his host dashed down upon the army of Sisera as they labored through the partly inundated plain, which made their dreaded chariots a mere encumbrance; here, many centuries later, was the scene of one of the last combats of Christian and Moslem; and here, too, after a lapse of five hundred years more, the Mahomedans had to encounter a very different enemy in the rough French heroes, who questioned each other on the march (as one of their number relates), "Qu'est-ce que c'est que la Terre Sainte? Pourquoi ce nom-là?" The steep slope down which we have to make our way to the plain is probably the scene of the desperate flight of the priests of Baal, pursued by the mob of Israelites in all the ardor of a very new conversion, burning to expiate their backslidings by the slaughter of somebody else. The country where the new Gospel of peace and love has left its traditions lies among the hills beyond. The glimpse of white on the two-peaked hill to the east of Mount Tabor is the end of the village of Nain, and another white building to the west is said to be above Nazareth; it seems discouragingly far off.

The road across the plain is not an interesting one, except for the as yet novel incident of fording the Kishon; but when we get among the small hills about Nazareth, the scenery becomes less monotonous. We are rather late on the road, having started late, and are constantly coming upon groups of picturesquely attired country people returning from their work in the fields to one of the many villages we pass on the way. Nazareth itself is reached just before nightfall. Turning the corner of one of the hills, we come suddenly upon it, a rather ghostly-looking

mass of white buildings staring out in the waning light from their background of dark trees. Lights are beginning to flash out at various points along the hillside, and at one place a broad glare marks the scene of a wedding-feast, which is carried on to a late hour with much shouting and discharging of guns, the usual sign of rejoicing in these parts. It is quite dark by the time we arrive at our camp, and there is nothing to be seen for that night but the stores of a few merchants of native metal ornaments, who make their way to our tents; while our dragoman, who is a Nazarene by birth, gives audience to flocks of cousins outside. In the morning we make the little round of visits to the various spots connected with the sacred story. They are not very striking; the sanctity of the house of the Virgin and the scene of the Annunciation, in the crypt of the Latin church, is somewhat spoilt for us by the appendage of the Loretto legend; but the kind of cave-dwellings shown to us might possibly have been what they pretend to be. In another Latin church we are shown a great block of stone supposed to have served as a table for our Lord and his disciples, which is perhaps also within the bounds of possibility. I am not learned enough to say more than that I was by no means inclined to believe it. The so-called "carpenter's shop," where a late tradition says that our Lord and St. Joseph worked, we did not feel equal to visiting; there was a kind of atmosphere of *banal* relic-worship about all these sights that only a very strong faith could stand. It is more interesting to know that on the rocky eminence above the quaint little Maronite church, probably stood the synagogue of the Gospel days, and the place from which the exasperated Jews would have thrown our Lord down. I have always had a fancy that that famous scene must have been the occasion on which St. Luke first saw him; the story is evidently told by an eye-witness, and the details are so minutely described, that they must have been very deeply impressed upon the mind of the evangelist. Another place of real interest is the Virgin's Fountain, a spring of great antiquity, to which the women of Nazareth still come to fill their pitchers. They make a very pretty group there, with their bright-colored dresses, but hardly a peaceful one, for bickerings are constantly going on between the Christian and Moslem women, — as, indeed, seems generally to be the case where the former are preponderant. When the Mahomedans are in the ma-

jority, their contempt for the Christians produces a certain tolerance.

The next day's journey, to Tiberias, lay in great part over a flat, cultivated plain, with few incidents beyond the village of Kefr-Kenna — which may perhaps be Cana of Galilee — and the meeting of some wonderful long strings of camels, bringing probably the grain and other produce of the Hauran down to the sea at Haifa. It is sad to think how the vested interests of the poor camels and camel-owners may soon be affected when the railway from Haifa to Damascus through the Hauran comes to be constructed. However, as the negotiations with the government about the railway have only been going on now for some seven years, there is little to fear for the present century at least. In the afternoon, it is proposed to vary the route by ascending the curious two-peaked hill called the Horns of Hattin, where the Sermon on the Mount is believed to have been delivered. It is a pleasant-looking green hill, but really very stony, the stones being concealed by the long, rank grass which grows all over it, and thus made more dangerous. The summit is covered with grass, too, and a few wild flowers, but only of the commonest kinds, nothing to compare with the hollyhocks of Carmel, or the cyclamen of the plain of Sharon. The depression between the two peaks is very slight, and they are themselves flat-topped; so that it is conceivable that a considerable crowd might have accompanied our Lord to the very top — it is not very high — and sat round him to hear the discourse. Or a greater number could have found place rather lower down, and have been addressed from the rock at the corner of the southern and higher platform. From the only piece of internal evidence, I should incline to the former theory, which would make the preacher face towards the city of Safed, the extraordinarily prominent position of which, on a higher hill to the north, is supposed to have suggested to him the illustration, "A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid." The view from the summit is most beautiful. At our feet lies the Lake of Tiberias, like a sheet of dark-blue glass, without a ripple to stir its surface, backed by bare, desolate hills, with no sign of life of any kind upon them. In the foreground we have a lower hill, or rather plateau, terminating in a grand ravine, the Wady Hammam, or Valley of Pigeons, the gates of which are two towering masses of rock seeming almost to meet at the top. At the northern end of

the lake we catch a glimpse of a low, white house, which we afterwards find to be the first step towards a new German colony. Further north, a deep gorge runs up towards Safed, and the holy city itself shines out on the dark hillside with an extraordinary lustre; and, still further to the north-east, the view is closed in by the wild desert mountains of Naphtali.

The descent upon Tiberias is as beautiful as everything must be that is connected with that lovely lake. Our camp is pitched on its shores some hundreds of yards south of Tiberias itself. Of this little town, the only collection of houses which we ever saw on the lake — though I believe there is a village at Medjdel, the ancient Magdala, — I can say little, for I was never inside it; but, especially as seen from the water, it appeared to be one of the most beautiful places we had yet come across. Perhaps it was the illusion of the lake which made us think so, for some camping neighbors who visited the interior did not seem to be extraordinarily delighted. It is very dirty, I believe, and is inhabited chiefly by Jews; indeed, it is, like Safed, one of their holy cities. Other sects generally speak of it as the residence of the king of the fleas, who should certainly be a great potentate in Palestine. We did not seek audience of his majesty, having already made acquaintance with too many of his subjects, but leaving Tiberias, took boat for the upper end of the lake. There is a kind of glamor about all the surroundings here. I have so far kept up a stolid belief in appearances, and had no doubts that I really saw Jerusalem, or Bethlehem, or whatever the spot might be; but it seems much harder to realize the fact that we are actually rowing across the Sea of Galilee, and it requires all the discomfort of a cramped position in a not very roomy boat to prove to us that we are not dreaming. Our rowers are doing their utmost, for the dreaded west wind is said to be coming, and against it we can make little way. But, for the present, nothing can be more delightful than the tranquil progress over the calm, solitary sea. Far away, towards the part where the Jordan flows into the lake, we can catch sight of one white sail, probably a fishing-boat; but there is no sign of any living creature on sea or land as we make for the northern shore by the ruins of Tell Houm. It is strange to think that in the days of the history which gives life and interest to all these scenes, this northern coast was a centre of bustling life and



commerce with the four cities of Capernaum, Bethsaida, Chorazin, and that other unknown one whose ruins are to be found at Tell Houm or Khan Minyeh — which ever is not the site of Capernaum — looking down upon waters covered with fishing and pleasure boats.

I have never yet seen anything so awful as the desolation of Tell Houm. Here, whether it was Capernaum or not, stood a great city, with evidently a magnificent synagogue. There are yet lying on the ground, half-distinguishable amidst the long grass, broken columns, and great capitals and pediments, and carved stonework, as they have lain for ages undisturbed, unless by the careless footstep of some passing Arab. A rude hut has been erected near the shore, partly with great stones from the ruins, to form a temporary shelter for some wandering herdsman or his flock; but, except for this, for miles around there is not so much as a fisherman's cottage or a peasant's barn, — only the prostrate bones of the dead city mouldering away in the midst of that hideous solitude.

The west wind has come at last, and the progress of the boat when we left Tell Houm becomes so very slow, that we resolve to land, and walk the rest of the way. Our path over a green and flowery hillside brings us shortly to another very strange sight, at the spot where the town of Bethsaida is supposed to have stood. The only remains visible, to us at least, are those of a great aqueduct coming down from the hills; a number of stately arches are still standing, and water is still running plentifully in the channel, but it has burst the limits in which it was enclosed, and, forcing its way through many a cleft, leaps down in a perfectly lawless manner to the deserted plain, and runs down to the lake in countless little independent rivulets. On an island in the midst of all these little streams, is a small Bedouin encampment, from which a few wild, stalwart fellows come forward to carry the ladies of the party over the water for an infinitesimal gratuity. There is something in the mean, black tents of these wanderers which seems to give a yet more desolate appearance to the spot; yet here, too, may have been a flourishing city. Higher up on the hills overlooking the lake, a few scattered ruins are supposed to mark the site of Chorazin; the whole of the prosperous community that filled these coasts is utterly gone, brushed away off the face of the earth, so that it is difficult to tell even where they once lived.

There is something more terrible in the solitude here than in the sandy wastes around the Dead Sea; there, one may feel that some awful visitation has come upon the country, and its effects are still more or less visible; but here, looking over the smiling landscape, with the pleasant, grassy hills, and the sun shining on the lake, it is appalling to think that such utter destruction has come upon all these great centres of life and activity, — and that it makes no difference. The grass is as green now, the sea and sky as blue, as in the days of their prosperity; their history is simply a closed page, turned over and done with; they are gone, and the place thereof knoweth them no more.

A singular contrast is presented when we turn the corner of the next headland, and come upon a neat little white house, with a well-ordered garden and a pleasant little trellised porch, under which a table is being spread for us. It is the property of the pioneer of the German colony which is to be founded here, a hospitable, friendly Badener, from the shores of the Lake of Constance. His delight at the arrival of strangers who can speak his language more or less, and who have come from his brethren of the Temple at Haifa, is great, and he insists on making gratuitous additions to our store, of native and European delicacies, wine of Safed, and liqueur from far-away Interlaken. The arrangements for the German settlement are progressing slowly, it appears; but some difficulty may be expected in a land where, though foreigners are permitted by law to buy land from the natives, the natives are not allowed to sell it to them. The establishment of the colony, however, is a certainty, and may have great consequences to the country round, where a little energy and enterprise may completely change the face of affairs, and bring back prosperity to the shores of the lake. We take a cordial leave of our host, and a short walk along a beautiful path cut in the rock just above the water brings us to our camping-ground by the Fountain of the Fig-tree, in a corner of the plain of Gennesareth.

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From The New Review.  
THE FIRST GENERAL ELECTION IN  
JAPAN.

THE first of July will be a day forever memorable in the annals of Japan. Representative government will, for the first

time, be essayed by an Oriental nation; the first general election will take place, and on November 1st the Parliament will open. In 1881 the emperor of Japan promised the Japanese people that at the end of eight years he would promulgate a Constitution. He did so on February 1st, 1889, and it takes effect in 1890. Under its provisions elections are to be held for certain members of the House of Nobles and all the members of the House of Representatives. The emperor, in constituting the House of Nobles, has taken the precaution to reserve to himself the selection of a certain proportion of its members, but the lower House will be altogether composed of representatives of the tax-paying population. Naturally, at the commencement of her career as a self-governing power, Japan offers an unusually interesting field to the student of history. The fact which at once attracts attention is the energetic manner in which the Japanese have entered upon political life. The people are thoroughly in earnest, and think of nothing but their new duties and responsibilities. Meetings are held in the various provinces almost nightly. The Exhibition at Tokio and the spring manoeuvres of the army and navy at Osaka did not suffice to distract the attention of the subjects of the Mikado from politics. Indeed, very lately Count Yamagata, in his address to the local governors and prefects assembled in Tokio, told them that they should strive to recall public attention from political topics and political associations to objects directly connected with material prosperity.

Japan is now beset by a host of parties professing principles and representing interests of various kinds, personal, local, social, and what not. Hobbies and fads are preached with increasing vigor. Altogether there are a score or more of political parties. The most trivial differences of opinion or local interests suffice now to separate men who will probably be found in the same camp by-and-by. Of these different parties, it is safe to say, all but three or four will die in travail. The small sections and divisions will consolidate around these, and the four parties which will virtually constitute the Japanese Parliament will be the Conservatives (Hoshu-to), the Conservative Radicals (Daido Danketsu), the Moderates (Kaishin-to), and the Radicals (Jiyu-to).

But before proceeding to narrate the origin and objects of these political divisions, it may be interesting to describe the manner in which the election is to be con-

ducted. It will be on the plan generally known as the Australian system. The qualifications for electors are that they must be Japanese subjects, and have attained the full age of twenty-five years before the day of voting; also, that they must have fixed their permanent residence in the city or prefecture, and actually have resided there for not less than one year previous to the date of drawing up the electoral list. The qualification is high; an elector must have property in land, or an income accruing from other sources, so large as to involve the payment of direct national taxes to the extent of fifteen yen (about £3) yearly. It is plain, therefore, that the suffrage will be enjoyed by a limited number only. Great precautions are taken to ensure order at the polls. In the first place, admission to the voting booth will only be permitted to holders of entrance tickets. On these, which are to be distributed at least five days before the time of voting, the name of the elector and his number on the list will be inscribed, and the tickets must be handed to the doorkeeper at the moment of admission. Further, it is provided that, should the place be inconveniently crowded, the electors may be required to accept tickets regulating the order in which they are to vote. Then comes the operation of voting. About this there is no secrecy. Each elector, after having gained admittance to the booth, gives his name to the presiding official, the head man of the district, with whom are associated not less than two and not more than five witnesses, nominated by the head man three days previously. The head man, having compared the name with the electoral list, hands a voting paper to the elector, who is required to inscribe thereon the name of the person he votes for, together with his own name and residence, and to affix his stamp. The voting paper is then placed in the ballot-box, a receptacle having two lids, each fitted with a different key, one key being in the custody of the head man, the other in that of the witness. The polling being over, the ballot-box is shut, and on the next day is forwarded, in charge of one or more witnesses, to the district office of the place of voting. There it is opened by the chairman of election, with whom is associated a committee of not less than three or more than seven persons chosen from among the witnesses assembled from the different voting places. The chairmen, like the superintending officers at the various voting booths, are local officials — men who

owe their position to the votes of the people themselves under the regular system of local government. Not until the names of the persons returned are communicated by the chairman to the governor or prefect do the officials of the central government begin to have any connection with the election.

The leading political party, the most influential, the best organized, and perhaps the strongest in intellectual capacity, is the Kaishin-to, or Moderate. It was formed in 1882. In the previous year Tokio swarmed with deputations which had repaired thither to memorialize the authorities for an early fulfilment of the solemn promise made by the emperor in 1868, and repeated in 1874 and 1875. The result of this agitation was the issue, on November 12th, of an imperial rescript proclaiming the establishment of a National Assembly in 1890. On the same day, Count Okuma, minister of finance, resigned his portfolio. He had offended his colleagues by presenting a memorial to the first minister of state advocating the convention of a Parliament in 1883. His resignation was followed by that of many other officials of the government. These men, with a number of followers, organized a party which they called Rikken Kaishin-to, or Constitutional Progressionists. Count Okuma was chosen leader, and the principles of the party were declared to be as follows: The maintenance of the dignity and prosperity of the imperial house; the reform of domestic administration and the assertion of national rights; the discontinuance of the policy of centralization and official interference, and the establishment of local self-government; the extension of the franchise in proportion to social progress; the restriction of political relations and the cultivation of commercial intercourse with foreign countries as much as possible; and the establishment of the currency on a hard-money basis. These political principles attracted numerous adherents, and the party grew in power. But a period of political inanition intervened, and the number of followers dwindled. Organization, however, was maintained, and although Count Okuma withdrew from the leadership and the party, this step was regarded as a mere formality, and he continues to be looked upon as its standard-bearer. Last year the Kaishin-to made a vigorous campaign, but it met with a severe defeat on the question of treaty revision. Its vitality, however, was shown by the rapid and surprising manner in which it has again

gone to work and reorganized its ranks, and with such success as to excite the admiration even of political opponents. Notwithstanding its loss of prestige from its defeat on the treaty revision, the general impression is that the party will be largely represented in the coming Parliament, and that it is destined to play, for some time, an important part in Japanese politics.

In 1888 there was great popular discontent against the government. The Radical party was apparently without vitality, as its leader, Count Itagaki, had retired, like Achilles, in dudgeon to his tent. At this juncture, Count Goto, a friend of the Radical chief, and a man who was somewhat of an Ishmael in politics, began a vigorous political campaign. His motto was "Daido-sho-i" (United on great questions, differing on small). The political shibboleth was happily conceived and attractive. Count Goto posed as the champion of the masses against the monopoly of class government. The Radicals flocked to him, and people generally crowded under his banner. Never did a party grow so rapidly in power. Contingents from the various political camps gave in their adhesion to the new organization. The Daido Danketsu became at once a large political faction. Their English equivalent is Conservative Radicals. But this body was an ill-assorted one, without homogeneity. Its ranks were filled with politicians of different views and objects. Surprising as was the growth of the Daido Danketsu, its decline was equally rapid and surprising. It had in its own party the elements of disintegration, and when its chief, after the promulgation of the Constitution, entered the very government against which he had so sonorously declaimed, decay became inevitable. The heterogeneous body fell to pieces.

The Radical party in Japan may be said to consist of the Jiyu-to (Radical) and the Aikoku-koto (Patriotic party). The first-named organization is divided into two distinct factions, but these, it is expected, will ultimately unite, and then join the Aikoku-koto, under the banner of Count Itagaki, as the three bodies are remnants of the old Jiyu-to, or Radical party, and practically have the same political objects in view. Hence their union is looked upon as being a mere matter of time. While the formal organization of the Jiyu-to did not occur until 1881, its origin dates back to 1874. In that year agitation for the immediate establishment of a representative Parliament was rife,

and a numerous signed memorial was presented to the government. To quiet the popular mind, the emperor, in a rescript issued in May, renewed his promise that a constitutional form of government should be adopted.

Previous to the publication of the rescript, Count Itagaki had organized a political association, known as the Rishsha, or party of men with a purpose. Subsequently, towards the end of the year, the scope of the organization was enlarged, resulting in the formation of a new party under the name of the Aikoku-Sha, or Patriotic party. Personal liberty and popular rights were its watchwords. This body formed the nucleus of the now powerful Jiyu-to. But the new party, for various reasons, languished, and finally sank into oblivion, when, in 1879, Count Itagaki again revived it. The vigorous politician entered on a campaign in favor of popular representation, and his views rapidly won the approval of the people. So actively was the agitation continued, and so influential did the political organization become, that in 1881 an imperial rescript granted constitutional government in 1890. It was then decided to form a party on a definite basis, and the Jiyu-to, or Radical party, came into formal existence. Its leading principles were: First, the extension of liberty and the assertion of political rights, the promotion of the good of the greatest number, and the inauguration of social reforms; secondly, the establishment of a constitutional form of government; and thirdly, the union of all fellow thinkers all over Japan. As the popular excitement began to be allayed, and men's attention became distracted from politics, the Jiyu-to began to decline, and its dissolution eventually followed in 1884. Although nominally without organization, the members of the party managed to preserve a certain individuality, and on occasions, when great and important questions presented themselves, their influence was felt. After the entry of Count Goto, the Daido Danketsu chief, into the Cabinet, an attempt was made to revive the old party. At the end of last year Count Itagaki emerged from the political retirement in which he had been living, and resumed activity. His political influence, however, was not strong enough to reunite all his old followers, who were split up into factions on account of personal differences and rivalries. In the end the group called the Hiseisha-ha formed a separate organization, assuming the old title of Jiyu-to, but this body was soon divided

into two sections. Count Itagaki had meanwhile organized the association of the Aikoku-koto, or Patriotic party, but the fusion of these three political divisions into one is regarded as inevitable.

While there is a party called the Hoshu-Chinsei-ha, or Independent Conservative, which aims at representing the Conservative sentiment in Japanese politics, it is in reality a small body, possessing very little influence, and it cannot fairly be said to be an exponent of the Conservative opinion of the nation. But there is a powerful association called by the public Kokusai Hoshu-to, which, although not organized on strictly party lines, will prove a most important factor. The English equivalent of the name is New Conservatives, or National Eclectic Conservatives; or to be better and briefer, Nationalists. This movement has been fostered and encouraged by Sugawara Jukio, formerly a responsible official in the Educational Department, and while no special platform has been set up, and no pledges given, its followers are greatly increasing in numbers. Its stronghold is Tokio, but the views of the association have been widely accepted in the provinces, and its power is daily becoming greater. The Hoshu-to owed their origin to the reaction against the sweeping introduction of Western institutions, both social and political. They believe in preserving the national individuality amidst the new civilization, and they assert that this principle has been too little respected by the eager reformers, whose zeal to introduce Occidental institutions and customs caused them to lose sight of the evils of self-effacement. The leaders of this party are not bigoted in their dislike of everything foreign. In fact most of them have been educated in the modern school, and are as well versed as any of their countrymen in the learning of the Occident. To preserve and develop everything essentially national in the life of Japan is their chief object. Hence their name of Nationalists. In 1887, when the pro-Western tendency was at its height, this nationalistic movement first began to manifest itself, and from that period its growth has been steady and continuous.

When the Japanese Parliament assembles it will probably be found that the numerous parties, factions, sections, and sub-divisions will constitute three large groups, namely: the Jiyu-to, or Radicals; the Kaishin-to, or Moderates; and the Hoshu-to, or Conservatives; and the impression of those best versed in Japanese

politics is that, for some time at any rate, the Conservatives and Moderates will be the preponderating power, and will exercise most influence.

Until very recently no official programme was put forth by any of the parties, but the Kaishin-to, or Moderates, recognizing the necessity for some such course, appointed a committee to draw one up. The Radicals followed the example, and thus these two associations have now well-defined aims. The programme of the Moderates comprises sixteen subjects, and is as follows:—

1. Improvement of financial administration.
2. Curtailment of public expenses.
3. Reduction of the Land-tax.
4. Cabinet by party.
5. Treaty revision.
6. Reform of the military service.
7. Reform of the navy.
8. Reform of the educational system.
9. Reform of the local government system.
10. Extension of the franchise and of electoral districts.
11. Amendment of the manner of executing the laws.
12. Freedom of speech and public meeting.
13. Abrogation of the Peace Preservation Regulations.
14. Reform of the laws of taxation.
15. Establishment of the right of impeachment.
16. Encouragement of private enterprise to the exclusion of official interference.

The Radical programme embraces no less than thirty-two subjects. The two platforms have many planks that are identical, and thus the Jiyu-to and Kaishin-to have several common political purposes. The Radicals in their zeal, however, go far beyond the Moderates. Indeed, it seems as if the Jiyu-to would have to moderate its eagerness, for the authorities have already pronounced the last eight items of its programme illegal, and they must be struck from the list. Here is the Radical platform:—

1. Establishment of a really responsible Cabinet.
2. Creation of an administrative court, with authority to inflict penalties on officials by whose errors the public interests have suffered.
3. Conclusion of treaties on equal terms with foreign States.
4. Introduction of the system of trial by jury.
5. Reform of the educational system and extension of education.
6. Abolition of the retired list for officials.
7. Diminution of public expenditure, and a large reduction in the number of officials.

8. Assessment of all direct taxes on a basis of profit.

9. Reduction of the Land-tax.

10. Revision of the Income-tax on an ascending scale.

11. Reform of the Public Property Regulations and greater strictness in the administration.

12. Eligibility of election for all who pay the direct national taxes.

13. The franchise to be conferred upon all who pay direct national taxes to the amount of 5 yen (about £1) or upwards.

14. Lowering of the age for electors and elected to twenty-five years.

15. Revision of electoral districts.

16. Abolition of all official protection of domestic industries and commerce.

17. Cities and prefectures to be placed on a firmer administrative basis, and reform of the system of local assemblies.

18. Reform of the system of registration.

19. Application of a portion of the public property to purposes of local autonomy.

20. Extension of the freedom of speech and public meeting.

21. Reform of the system of paying Land-tax.

22. Imposition of a tax on the revenues of the nobility.

23. Reform of the Bank-tax system.

24. Abolition of the Peace Preservation Regulations.

25. Amendment of the regulations relating to the nobility.

26. Repeal of the system of creating new nobles.

27. Reform of the military system, and shortening of the period of active service in the standing army.

28. Institution of the Parliamentary right of impeachment.

29. Public election of governors, prefects, and head men of districts.

30. Abolition of the law of entail in respect of nobles' property.

31. Abolition of the police bureau, and of the carrying of swords by policemen.

32. The posts of Privy Councillor and Court Councillor to be made honorary.

Three great questions will confront the Imperial Parliament when it assembles. Foremost is the revision of treaties. Seventeen different powers now have extra-territorial jurisdiction in Japan, and her right to make a special treaty with any foreign power, by which she can secure privileges for herself in consideration of specially delegated concessions, is practically denied her under cover of the "favored nation" clause. The next question is that of taxation. At present the levy is high, and in some places oppressive, especially on land. The third question is that of social reform, especially as to the judiciary. Too much, however,



must not be expected of Japan immediately. But her new departure, and her experiment in constitutional government, will be attentively regarded by European nations, and especially by England.

H. M. MOORE.

From Good Words.

#### WASTED SOLAR HEAT.

THE amount of heat squandered by the sun is truly prodigious. Our earth intercepts only an extremely small portion of the total radiation of sunbeams. It would be easy to show that the sun distributes sufficient light and heat to maintain two thousand million planets in the same comfortable condition as that in which our earth is placed. The greater part is entirely lost, or, at least, lost in so far as any of the planets are concerned. Our fellow-worlds Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mercury, and Mars, do, no doubt, intercept a little of the heat that would otherwise escape from our system, but the total amount that all the planets together are permitted to utilize is utterly inappreciable when compared with that which streams away into space, and seems gone from us forever. Looked at in its proper aspect, the quantity of heat radiated from the sun is one of the most astounding facts in nature. Let us consider by a few illustrations the wealth of radiation which our great central fire pours forth. And here we shall make use of some of the facts collected together in Professor Young's valuable book on the sun.

When an engineer is designing the boilers to supply a steam engine he has to arrange the extent of his furnaces, so that they shall correspond with the work which the engine has to do. Each square foot of boiler exposed to the flame is capable of generating so much steam, and may thus be regarded as an equivalent to so much horse-power. To apply this conception for the sake of illustration, let us take an area of but a single square foot on the sun's surface, and suppose that all the heat which passes through it on its way to outer space was collected and applied to the generation of steam in a boiler, the evaporation in that boiler would be so copious that a mighty engine of ten thousand horse-power might be maintained in continuous action. Indeed a great Atlantic liner would be driven at full speed at a heat expenditure not larger than this. It would be easy to show that

if the heat from an area on the sun of only an acre or two in extent could be all applied to a system of boilers, it would generate as much steam as would suffice to sustain in full work every steam engine in the world.

We may exhibit the quantity of heat radiated from the sun in another way. Let us suppose that it was to be entirely applied to the melting of ice, and that this ice was disposed in a shell or layer enveloping the whole sun. Even if the ice had a thickness of forty-eight and a half feet the daily radiation would be sufficient to reduce it all into water. Statements like this give us some conception of the profuse expenditure with which the sun sheds forth its stores of heat; they also raise a desire to study the method by which such monstrous extravagance can be committed without the inevitable exhaustion becoming speedily apparent. In the first place it should be noticed that the enormous size of the sun is a very important element in the inquiry. A large body cools much more slowly than a small one. The loss of heat by radiation takes place chiefly, if not wholly, from the surface of the heated body, and the heat from those parts of the body which are not on the surface can only be expended after it has travelled by conduction from the interior to the surface. Such at least would be the case if the body were a solid one; if, however, it were either wholly or partly in a liquid or gaseous condition, as the sun appears to be, then the mode by which the heat would pass from the interior to the surface must be correspondingly modified. There would, doubtless, be currents in the solar materials just as there are currents which distribute the water that has been heated at the bottom of a kettle throughout the bulk of the liquid. This does not contradict the statement that I made as to the necessity for the arrival of the heat from the interior at the surface before it could be dispersed by radiation. The mode of conveyance of the heat will be different in a fluid body from what it is in a solid body, but the general principle remains unaltered.

The extraordinary profusion in which the heat is poured forth from every square foot of the sun's surface, may perhaps be illustrated as follows: Suppose there are two concert-halls, built from designs alike in every respect but with this important difference, that one of the buildings has every dimension double that corresponding in the other. The area, for instance, in one hall is twice as long and twice as

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wide as in the other. There will be twice as many rows of seats in it, and each row will contain twice as many chairs. Accordingly there will be four times as many people accommodated in the large hall as in the small one. The buildings being on the same design the number of exit doors will be of course the same in both halls. Each door of the large hall will, in conformity with our supposition, be double as wide as the corresponding door in the small one. Let us now suppose that these halls were filled to their utmost capacity, and that in each of them a panic broke out among the audience from an alarm of fire, or from some similar cause. Would the facilities of escape be equal from the two buildings, and if not, which would have the advantage? Considering that the two buildings have been erected from the same designs, it might at first appear that the opportunities for a rapid emptying of the buildings should be equal in both; but this is not the case. No doubt the larger building has double the width of door exit possessed by the small one, but, on the other hand, four times as many people have to push through these doors, and consequently the crowding at the exits of the large room would be double as great as at those of the small one. In a precisely similar way it would appear that if one of the buildings had ten times the linear dimensions of the other, it would have ten times as many rows, and each row would have ten times as many seats, so that the whole audience contained in the large hall would be a hundredfold that contained in the small one. The width of door exit would, however, be only ten times as great, and consequently the crushing and crowding, and the difficulty of exit, would be ten times as perilous in the large building as it was in the small one.

This illustration will show us the contrast between the escape of heat from a large body as compared with the escape of heat from a small one. For the purpose of our argument, the sun's diameter may be represented as one hundred times that of the earth. The surface of the sun will exceed the surface of the earth in the proportion of ten thousand to one, and the volumes of the two bodies will be in the proportion of one million to one. If the two bodies possessed originally the same temperature, and were composed of the same materials, the sun would possess a million times as much heat as the earth. If this heat is to be lost it must be by passing out through the surfaces of the bodies. The sun's surface is no doubt

ten thousand times that of the earth; but, on the other hand, there is a million times as much heat to pass through the sun's surface as through the earth's surface, before the two bodies can sink to the same temperatures. Hence it follows that one hundred times as much heat must emerge through every square foot on the sun's surface as through every square foot on the earth.

SIR R. S. BELL.

From The Spectator.

#### THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF COLORADO.

AMONG the ancient races of the American continent, there are perhaps none whose remains have excited greater interest than those of the strange people who at some remote period of antiquity inhabited the mountain ranges between Mexico and Colorado. Here, in the deep recesses of the mountains, lived a race to whom the use of metal was unknown, who made themselves strongholds in the sides of gorges so steep and difficult of access that they can be reached only by the aid of ropes and ladders. These cliff-dwellings consist of caverns in the rock, faced externally with massive walls, and bear a general resemblance to the houses of wild tribes in Syria. They are found in such vast numbers, and extend over so great a space of country, that the total disappearance of their owners has always been a subject of wonder. In the deserted rooms are found the implements of a people ignorant of the use of metal, their simple household goods, remains of their food, and even articles of their dress. The people themselves have vanished. A few months ago, the world was startled by the news that somewhere among the mountains of Chihuahua, in Mexico, had been found at last the slender remnant of a race whose works rank high among the wonders of a continent. The men are described by their discoverer, Schwatka, as belonging still, to all intents and purposes, to the Stone Age; and it is possible that from them may be gleaned some knowledge of the manners and customs of the lost Cliff-Dwellers. Since then, explorations have been continued among the mountains some few hundred miles north of the scene of Schwatka's discovery, and in March a party of searchers returned to Durango, having collected much interesting information, and bringing with them many relics of this singular people. The

explorers relate that they found the sides of one cañon, which was the principal scene of their investigations, honeycombed for a hundred miles with cliff-dwellings. It appears that natural hollows in the rock have been supplemented by massive walls of stone; and if the accounts are to be relied on, some of the habitations thus formed are spacious enough to hold several hundred men. One dwelling is described in which the rooms now existing are said to number more than a hundred, while remains of its upper stories indicate an even greater amount. A building, supposed from its construction to have been meant for public assemblies, contains, among others, a chamber forty feet long. The floors are strewn with sand, on which remain the evidence of frequent fires. The timbers of this house, as in many other instances, are still in place, and must have cost the builders no small toil, with their rude appliances, before the wood was shaped and smoothed for use. Some buildings are said to show traces of a siege. Others appear to have been purposely dismantled.

It is clear that the Cliff-Dwellers were not a warlike race. The only martial relics yet discovered consist of armor made of aspen bark, and a few slender arrow-heads of flint. The many implements which have been found point to the peaceable pursuits of husbandry. Nearly every house contains its granary and rude hand-mill, and in addition to the masonry of the dwellings, many reservoirs of stone are to be seen, evidently intended for irrigation. One of these, some fifty yards across, has water in it still. Most of the implements are of bone, from which the Cliff-Dwellers contrived to make knives, boring-tools, needles, and even saws. Their axes are of stone,—in some cases of granite, with a deep groove near the blunt end round which to fix the handle. The handles in many instances remain.

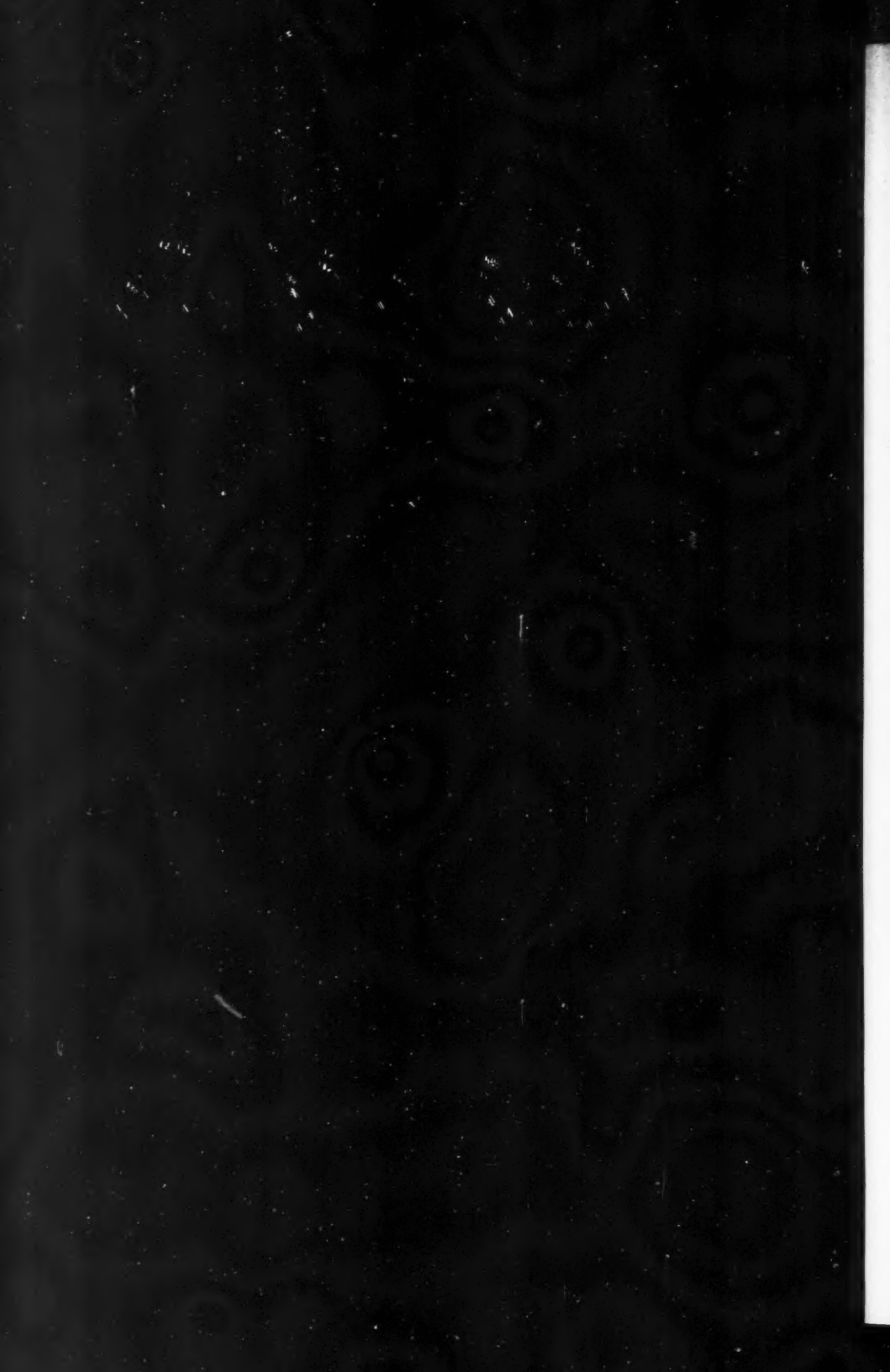
The leaves of the yucca appear to have been to this simple race much what the bamboo is to the rude nations of the East. From its fibres they plaited baskets, often with colored patterns; they wove mats, ropes, and string. With looms, of which parts in perfect preservation still remain, they wove into cloth wool and hair and yucca-fibre. Their pottery, like their implements, is already widely known, for many searchers have visited the more easily accessible of the dwellings; but the recent expedition has brought home a great number and many varieties of cups and jars of clay. The most striking kind is decorated with conventional designs, in black upon a white ground. The dryness of the district, and particularly of the rocky chambers where these remains were discovered, is the reason given for their remarkable preservation. Of the inhabitants themselves we learn but little. We may examine their houses, their dress, food, implements, and weapons, but of the men themselves there are but scanty traces. The few skulls which have been found prove to us, from their shape, that they belonged to a people among whom prevailed the practice of flattening the backs of their children's heads by tying them down upon boards. These boards are still to be seen, and are said to show plain marks of the cords with which the skulls of these unfortunate victims of fashion were forced into the correct shape. Of traces of pictorial art we hear nothing. No musical instruments have been found, unless it be something doubtfully alluded to as "an instrument like a flute." Such is the account of the most recent discoveries in the cliff-dwellings of Colorado. The world-wide interest now felt in archæology will not allow the question to pause here; and if these accounts are genuine, as we see no reason to doubt, we shall soon hear more of exploration and discovery in the footprints of a vanished race.

THE NORTH SEA CANAL.—A movement has been set on foot to so alter this most important waterway that ocean vessels shall be able to enter and leave Amsterdam without being detained by locks or bridges. The Dutch Institution of Civil Engineers has passed resolutions in favor of this scheme, and appointed a committee to study and work out its details. This canal, the largest ship canal in Europe, being fifteen miles in length,

was completed in 1876, at a total cost of nearly £3,000,000. It is available at all times and tides for the largest ocean-going vessels, but the bridge, and especially the locks at the eastern extremity, the two sets of which shut out the Zuyder Zee, are, no doubt, a great hindrance to navigation. Experts, however, are not agreed as to whether a level ship canal is possible.

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